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CHELSEA CENTENNIAL.

PROCEEDINGS

OF THE

Centennial Celebration

OF THE

ONE HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE SETTLEMENT

OF

CHELSEA, VERMONT,

Vt.

TOGETHER WITH THE

Orange County Veteran Soldiers' Reunion.

SEPTEMBER 4, 1884.

KEENE, N. H.:
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Chelsea, Vt.

Chelsea centennial. Proceedings of the centennial celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of the settlement of Chelsea, Vermont, together with the Orange County veteran soldiers' reunion. September 4, 1884. Keene,N.H.,1884.

SHELF CARD

The major part of the volume consists of the Historical address by Thomas Hale, of Keene, N.H.

COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS.

Capt. WILLIAM H. H. HALL,

Hon. LYMAN G. HINCKLEY,

Dr. STORY N. GOSS.

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Chelsea Centennial.

RESOLUTIONS OF THANKS AND TO PRINT.

INTRODUCED BY REV. F. S. HATCH, AND UNANIMOUSLY ADOPTED.

Resolved, That the thanks of former residents of this place and the visitors from neighboring towns be and hereby are heartily extended to the town of Chelsea for its initiation of this festival day and its appropriation of money therefor; to the general committee of arrangements, and especially its chairman; to the marshal of the parade; to the old soldiers who have revived "our heroic age" by their presence in the line; to the citizens of this village who have decorated their dwellings and opened their houses in free hospitality; to the orator of the day for his comprehensive and in every way admirable sketch of the history of this town; to the poets whose graceful numbers have gilded alike the past and the future; to the bands, discoursing sweet music without money and without price; to the superintendent of the exhibition at the town hall and all those who have loaned relics there-

for; and to every resident man, woman and child who by hand or heart or brain or money has contributed in any way to the success of this day's celebration.

Resolved, That it is the sense of this gathering that the committee of arrangements take immediate measures to print and circulate in permanent form the historical address, the poems and such other proceedings of this centennial occasion as it may seem advisable to preserve.

PROGRAMME AS EXECUTED.

[FROM THE VERMONT WATCHMAN, SEPTEMBER 10, 1884.]

The banner day at Chelsea was Thursday, September 4th, it being the celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of the settlement of the town. The day, which had been looked forward to so long by the inhabitants who had been working to make it a success, dawned clear, bright and warm. Old "Sol," as he peeped from behind the hills, was welcomed by the peal of the village bells and thunder of the cannon from camp John B. Mead.

Many of the houses and principal business blocks were festooned with red, white and blue drapery, flags waved across the streets and from nearly every corner. An arch in red white and blue across the street opposite the grand stand on South common bore the inscription, "1784—Welcome—1884." At ten o'clock A. M. the procession formed in front of the court house under the direction of the chief marshal, Capt. W. H. H. Hall, and his aids, E. R. Hyde, J. L. Bacon, Dr. S. N. Goss, E. O. Tracy and E. N. Bacon, in the following order:

1. Chelsea Cornet Band, sixteen pieces, Curtis S. Emery, drum major.

2. Waterson Post, No. 45, Grand Army of the Republic, thirty-six guns, George F. Reed commanding.

3. Carriages containing speakers, town officers and invited guests; carriages containing aged residents born in town, among whom were Mrs. Lydia Hood, 87; Perley C. Wills, 86; Amos S. Hatch, 83; Salmon J. Moore, 83; Anson Wills, 84; and Edward Douglas, 80.

4. Representations of the styles and customs of one hundred years ago to the present time. These were represented first by an Indian Family of four, including the pappoose. Then came the frontiersman plodding along on foot; then a mounted frontiersman, with his long flint-lock gun slung across his back. Next was an immigrant wagon covered with green boughs to shelter them from the scorching sun until a place for a house could be selected.

As the scene moves we find a log hut, the genuine settler's log cabin, the smoke is curling from the pipe chimney, tow-headed children gaze from the square-paneled windows; the man of the house, as he leisurely smokes his pipe, is chopping wood at the door to keep the pot boiling, while his wife comes to the door to hurry him up. Next come soldiers in the costume of Miles Standish. As the panorama changes we find the farmer and his wife going to town on a cart, the wheels cut from logs, and drawn by "Old Buck" hitched between the shafts. The old style drawing-room next takes our attention, and here we have the busy maids and housewife hatcheling flax, carding tow and spinning linen, while the grandmother looks up from her knitting and smiles on the busy throng; the baby sleeps in its high-topped cradle while its father

rocks it to and fro; the furniture is the substantial sort that never breaks down, the walls are bare and the windows uncovered.

Now comes another change and we behold the drawing-room of to-day; ladies and gentlemen dressed in the latest styles are seated about in easy chairs, finely-dressed children flit about at play, books and music are on the centre table, elegant lace curtains adorn the windows, and a rich carpet on the floor; the "daisy" belle and the "aw-so-fine" dude are here.

After these changing scenes come (5) Chelsea Hook and Ladder Company, tastily uniformed, H. C. Birchmore as captain.

6. New road machine, driven by Milton Mattoon.

7. West Randolph Mechanics' Band, seventeen pieces, J. W. Gabriella, drum major.

8. Orange County Veteran Soldiers' Association, Gen. Stephen Thomas commanding.

9. Strafford Cornet Band.

10. Orange County Sons of Veterans, H. O. Bixby commanding.

11. Twelve-pounder brass field piece.

12. Drum corps.

13. Citizens on foot.

14. Citizens in carriages.

The line of march was up Main street to Douglass square, countermarch down Main to North common, East side North and South common, back to Main and South common, where the ranks were broken. The procession extended from Tracy's bridge to North bridge. The crowd now dispersed for dinner, after which ample time was given them before the address to visit the town hall which had been turned into a museum of ancient relics.

Here were found relics of the past from fifty to two hundred and fifty years old. Among them we noticed two fine oil paintings over one hundred years old, the property of Mrs. J. P. Tracy; a book printed in London in the seventeenth century; wooden salt mortar and wooden trenchers, brought here by the first settler, Thomas Moore; a copy of the *Vermont Watchman*, published at Montpelier, 1827, and also a copy of the *Republican*, published at Windsor, 1810, owned by Perley C. Wills; wedding shoe, one hundred and fifty years old, owned by Alfred Norris; glass flask, one hundred years, Mrs. William Peters; barrel-shaped wooden flask, two hundred years, Ira Hood; tin chandelier for candles, one hundred years, Mrs. Alonzo Noyes. The collection of ancient books, crockery and pewter ware was a fine one. Old muskets, wearing apparel and furniture were largely exhibited, but their age and the names of their donors we have forgotten. At 2 o'clock P. M. the crowd gathered on South common for the address and other exercises, and it is estimated that five thousand people were present. The order of exercises was as follows: Music by Chelsea Cornet Band; introductory address by Hon. L. G. Hinckley; singing by the choir; music by West Randolph Mechanics' Band; prayer by Rev. J. E. Knapp; music by Strafford Cornet Band; poem by Rev. E. E. Herrick; music by Chelsea Cornet Band; poem by Mrs. Caroline Dana Uhl of Yonkers, N. Y., read by Rev. Frank S. Hatch of Hartford, Conn.; address by Thomas Hale of Keene, N. H., read by William B. Hale of Northampton, Mass., and Matthew Hale of Albany, N. Y.; letters read from a few old residents who were unable to be present: music by the bands.

The address was a historical sketch of the town from its first settlement, and, though very long, it held the close attention of the audience to its close. It will be printed in pamphlet form so each family will be able to read it at leisure. Of Mr. Herrick's poem too much cannot be said in praise. Much credit is due the several committees and others who have assisted in forwarding to so successful a climax this celebration; but special credit is due Capt. W. H. H. Hall, who has had charge of the enterprise and given it much time and attention.

In connection with the centennial was held the Orange County Veterans' Reunion on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, September 3, 4 and 5, their camp being upon Hyde Cabot's meadows between the upper and lower villages. The tents used were those belonging to the State. A brass twelve-pounder from the State arsenal was used for firing salutes. On Wednesday a few veterans went into camp, and at sunset an attempt at a dress parade was made. In the evening a camp fire was held and Gen. Stephen Thomas worked hard to make it a successful one. On Thursday evening there was another dress parade. Some fireworks were burned, and a camp fire presided over by Gen. Thomas was held upon the camp ground, Gen. Thomas, Hon. L. G. Hinckley and a glee club from Whitney Post of Tunbridge furnishing the entertainment. On Friday the reunion troops elected Col. John B. Mead commander for the ensuing year and voted to hold the next reunion at West Randolph.

ADDRESS OF WELCOME.

BY LYMAN G. HINCKLEY.

Ladies and Gentlemen:

We are here to-day to celebrate the one hundredth anniversary of the settlement of the Town of Chelsea.

We are told by the oldest inhabitants, and history informs us, that one hundred years ago this last spring, the first white settlers made their permanent abode in this town.

I am requested by the good people of Chelsea, in their name, to extend to all who have come from far and near to join with them in the exercises of to-day, a most cordial and hearty welcome.

We greet with pleasure those who have come from other towns and other states to visit the graves of their fathers and mothers, and the dear old homes of their childhood.

Men distinguished in the walks of public and private life are here to lend a helping hand on this occasion.

Soldiers of the Grand Army of the Republic, men foremost among our country's defenders, in the last great struggle for national life, have pitched their tents and made their encampment here, that the inspiring influence of their presence might increase the interest and add to the pleasure we anticipate from these ceremonies.

Bands of music of this and from other towns have kindly volunteered their services to give cheer and inspiration along the line of march and sweet relief amidst the literary exercises of the day.

Men and women, our oldest native citizens, whose lives are almost commensurate with the age of the town are here upon the stage, with bowed and trembling forms, to give character and dignity to this occasion.

Heaven grant that their years may be multiplied and they too become century plants, and that their last days may be their best days.

The intense heat and the many things that are to be said remind me that I must not in the beginning weary your patience.

Again I say to all those to whom I have referred and to whom I have not, we extend to you our cordial and heartfelt welcome and our sincere thanks for your presence, to give interest, character and success to these centennial exercises, which we gladly celebrate to-day.

And let the prayer of every heart be, that the God of our fathers may grant, that those who may stand here in our places one hundred years hence, to celebrate the second centennial anniversary of the settlement of the town of Chelsea, may look back upon a century as fully fraught with the blessings of peace, prosperity and happiness as has been that which we look back upon to-day.

A HUNDRED YEARS.

A POEM BY REV. E. E. HERRICK OF CHELSEA.

An hundred years, how slow their course is run,
When told in daily circles of the sun;
An hundred times have Autumn harvests paid
The promises by Springtime blossoms made,

And thro' the spaces of its orbit vast
The silent footsteps of the earth have passed.

Roll back the scroll of history and gaze
Down the dim vista of these vanished days,
Here from this mount of years explore
Events and scenes of 1784.
Behold primeval forests, dark and dread,
O'er all these hills and valleys far outspread.
No woodman's axe the sleeping echoes wake,
No hunter's rifle doth the silence break,
No sound is heard except the murmuring flow
Of brooks that thro' the woodland channels go,
The morning song of birds, or wolves' quick bark,
Or panther's leap when fall night's shadows dark.
  But lo ! a band of sturdy pioneers,
With venturous steps upon the scene appears,—
Their fortunes, their brave hearts and sinewy hands,
Their aim, to change these wilds to fertile lands.
Behold their aim attained and all is changed ;
The town arises where the wild beast ranged,
But all the story of these pioneers,
Whose wisdom formed the mould of future years,
Their burdens barely borne, their frugal ways,
The toils and hardships of those early days,
Lips now long silent only could relate.
  And yet they ask not pity for their fate ;
Pure hearts and honest toil made sweet their rest,
To common pleasures gave uncommon zest,
Changed coarsest fare to viands fit for kings,
And mixed with comfort all life's bitter springs.

Draw near, ye heirs of wealth and vanity,
Who weigh a man with what the eye can see,
Behold these yoemen in their homespun frocks,
Their wealth a narrow field and scanty flocks
With scorn regard them and with proud disdain
Call them "uncultured," "country clowns,"
Pass them with sneering smiles or haughty frowns,
You prove *your* lack of culture and of sense
And scorn your betters at your own expense,
For weighed in qualities of heart and mind
They leave vain slaves of fashion far behind.
Their household gods these pilgrims with them bro't,
Laws, truth and right, and liberty of thought,
They planted schools and churches with their grain,
The seed whose ripening harvest still remain.
In toil and prayer they laid foundations sure,
On which the public welfare stands secure.

They had strange customs in those early times,
If we could trace them in these sober rhymes.
They made their roads upon the highest hills,
Where brooks were smallest, there they made their mills,
Where soil was poorest, there they cleared their farms.
As if the hardest way had greatest charms;
And then a house—this was the way to found it:
They built a chimney with a house around it,
And built them both upon the highest hill,
As if, though brave, they feared a deluge still;
They had their churches and they paid their preacher,
And went to hear him tho' he wern't a Beecher.
They *had* to pay as the town records show,

And where men *pay*, there they are sure to go.
They paid their tax in good sound rye and wheat.—
For though we live by faith we still must eat,—
And on his part the parson gave in turn,
As one who would his wages fairly earn,
Each Sunday, two good sermons, one hour long,
While his good Dea. deaconed out the song;
And sometimes when the hourglass was out-run,
And seventhly of the sermon was not done.
Historians say such things have come to pass—
The parson says, "Let's take another glass."
'Twas well enough when Summer days were fair,
An hour of preaching, besides hymn and prayer;
But when with biting frosts the winter came
They met for Sunday worship just the same.
No stove or furnace cheered the meeting place;
No fire they had except the fire of grace;
And when town fashions offered carnal pleasing
And blandly argued "there's no grace in freezing,"
They gravely answered, "We must not desire
To offer heavenly gifts with earthly fire;"
Besides they said, urging a worldly notion,
(See Martha's tact with Mary's meek devotion)
To go from heated room to outside cold
Would peril life and health to young and old.

Who can describe their music and their choirs,
Or tell their power to fan devotion's fires.
Long rows of singers in the gallery high,
Fenced off by curtains from the vulgar eye,
First alto and soprano in the middle,
Supported in the rear by viol and by fiddle,—

With base and tenor marshalled on the flanks,
All placed in order due with serried ranks,
With counter lightly thrown along the front,
Like skirmishers to break the battle's brunt;
They stand like soldiers for the fight arrayed,
The pitch is given and the wild charge is made.
The Goddess Fashion with her silken chains,
Few votaries found in these retired domains.
Unvexed by vain desires and pampered pride
The matron's wheel their simple wants supplied.
The maids for Winter had one flannel gown
And for the Summer one plain print from town.
Think you our modern maids of fairer face
Or form and motion of superior grace?
Or think you hearts beneath that plain attire
Less pure in thought and in devout desire
Than fashion's votary, like a fairy dressed
In fluffy flounce, with sunflower on her breast?
Go ask the swains by whom these maids were loved—
Go ask your grandsires, let the boast be proved.
Alas, the lot our modern females bear,
The multitude of mysteries they must wear
In hopeless maze and wild confusion wrought.
A problem new and deep to philosophic thought,
Advance of decorative art presents;
Thus state it: "Woman—her environments,"
From frizzled head to boots with pointed heels
The marvel grows till baffled wonder reels.
One solid fact amid the doubt remains,
Somewhere the mass a human form contains,—
As for her bangs, enough to say you know them,
They serve to *hide* her brains, but not to show them.
The full-dressed belle of true gentility,

No full-rigged frigate on the summer sea
With sails outspread and streamers gay
Can match her splendor sailing down the way.
Hark! hear ye not the voice of Rachel crying,
For burdens on her daughters' shoulders lying?

Our fathers had some habits as to drinking
Not sanctioned by our modern ways of thinking;
They argued that strong drink would make men strong,
Their spirits cheer and length of days prolong;
They read, "All creatures God has made are good"
And not to be refused for drink or food;
But failed to read that all must be denied
Not by the Word approved and sanctified.
Rum, whiskey, brandy all the stills afford
Were in their cellars' ample closets stored,
And graced their sideboards with a doubtful grace
To give each guest the honors of the place.
Their feet these customs led in devious ways
And dimmed, alas, the lustre of their praise.
Let none our clearer present light abuse,
Or by their father's faults *their own* excuse.
They drank in faith without distrust or doubt.
The *modern drinker* knows what he's about
And tramples law and conscience 'neath his feet.
They gave to *guest* their social claims to meet,
But now men treat the crowd to win their praise
Or purchase votes upon election days.

Though on the far frontier apart they dwelt,
The beating of the public heart they felt;
Each question that the nation's congress stirred

Sent echoes by each distant fireside heard.
With blood of Bunker Hill their hearts are warm,
Free laws are more to them than empty form,
The freeman's honest vote with pride they bring
As if they bore the sceptre of a king!
And yet the memories of those olden days
Which stir our hearts with thoughts of deepest praise:
Not from their patriot zeal and public virtue come,
But from their peaceful life and scenes of home,
These were the fountains whence their pleasures flowed.
Here hearts with sorrow bowed, with rapture glowed.
Within these narrow bounds were battles waged
As fierce as ere in halls of princes raged.
Here victories over self and sin were gained,
And heavenly rest thro' earthly strifes attained,
And every grace our hearts are taught to prize,
Found soil for growth and scope for exercise.

Go you who bear one of those honored names
And in whose heart their memory still remains,
Go stand once more upon the homestead site
When fading evening sheds its pensive light.
The farm-house of your sires is changed or gone,—
The earth and sky remain the same alone.—
Where once were fertile fields, behold, waste places,
And vanished are the old familiar faces.
There was the garden with its shaded walks,
Its roses, pinks and stately holyhocks;
There stood the well-curb and the lofty sweep
Where drank the lips that now in silence sleep;
There was the house with its low roof and wall,
Its ample rooms and wide-extended hall,

And there the kitchen, *dearest* spot of all,
The *soul* and *centre* of the cherished place,
Investing all with nameless homelike grace,
With wide-mouthed fireplace and its hanging crane,
Its clean-swept hearth, stone-paved and wide,
Its long board settle by the chimney side,
Its rude wood-bottomed chairs and table plain,
Its huge projecting beams and whitewashed wall.

Swift-borne on memories' wings the past returns,
Again the Winter evening firelight burns,
While round it sit all in their old-time places,
The dear *home friends*, beloved forms and faces;
There sits the father with grave, thoughtful look,
By the *one* candle, reading some old book.—
One of the scanty store the house contains,—
Josephus tells the Jews antiquities,
John Foxe deplores the martyrs and their pains,
His task again the gentle Cowper plies,
Or lofty Milton sings of Paradise.
The gentle mother listening sits near by,
The while her hands her busy needles ply:
Brothers and sisters at their work or play,
Complete the picture of that sacred day.
Fled is the vision, broken fancy's dream,
But life henceforth flows on with purer stream,
Its tides from those sweet living fountains fed,
And memories of those dear departed hours
Fall on your heart as rain falls on the flowers.—
The builders of our homes and of the State.—
Their forms have mingled with the silent dust;
But blessed is the memory of the just,

It is not prisoned by the gates of death,
It comes with influence calm as evening's breath,
But strong as ocean tides that cannot be repressed,
To keep us true to every sacred trust
And bring us safe where our beloved wait
To greet us in the realms of endless rest.

O, Chelsea, rich in memory
That ripens as the days go by;
Full freighted with thy hundred years,
Fair to thy sons thy fame appears!
Home of green hills and waters free
And landscapes for a painter's view.
Here in all time that is to be,
May all thy sons be brave and true,
And like thine own pure mountain air
The thoughts thy daughters' hearts shall share.
When from thy second century
Historians pluck its ripened fruit;
Then may that fruit of deeds appear
As rich as that now gathered here;
Then may thy fame untarnished be,
Thy name still bear its fair repute,
And in all virtues and desires
Thy sons be worthy of their sires.

A POEM.

BY MRS. CAROLINE DANA UHL OF YONKERS, N. Y.

A hundred years! 'tis but a point of time,
A needle-point etched on the hoary rime
Of eons that have shaped these circling hills,
Clothed them with woods, veined them with sparkling rills;
Yet of more worth in time's long history,
Than those dim eons swathed in mystery,
Of far more worth to us who stand to-day
To celebrate our good town's holiday.
We care not what befell at earlier date,
What war-cries thundered at our valley's gate
Ere the first *Christian home* herein was consecrate.
Good town, misnamed, unless the woodland sea
That greeted those first comers, seemed to be
A mimic ocean surge of greenery,
Swept into music by all winds that blow,
Or else—an arctic sea of stainless snow,
Whichever aspect it was charged with beauty,
But they came charged, and double—charged with duty.
With manhood's duty here a home to rear—
Duty of citizen, duty scarce less dear—
Duty of Christian here to sow the seed
Of that true church which needs no other creed,
Save this, "Love me and help thy neighbor's need."
They came and conquered. Each grim pioneer
More bent on earnest deed than lightsome cheer,
'Tis no child's task to vanquish wood and wold
'Neath Summer's heat and Winter's bitter cold,

Seize nature in her stronghold of the hills
And make her merry streams turn useful mills,
To rescue starving beasts from wild March storm
Give gage of battle to the stalwart form
Of mountain pine, that babies may be warm,
Out of the wilderness to make the farm.
And this they did. That Anglo Saxon pluck
That "knows not fail" and rarely *trusts to luck*."
Bore them through all—by help of their brave wives—
All hail! their doughty deeds and honest lives!
Speak low! o'er graves dug mid the wintry storms
Where slumber loyal hearts and tender woman forms!
At last came capital—toil must come before.—
The meeting house was built, the village store,
The village tavern. See! its genial host
Comes forth to greet us, with his modest boast
Of cheer for man and beast. In later days,
And wider field, he would have earned the praise
That's come to be our favorite Yankee test,
He "*could* keep an hotel" and of the best.
A handsome man and courtly was "mine host,"
His type of beauty is not wholly lost,
Dark eyes that glance o'er western prairies shine
With the same light that lit his aspect fine,
And brighter still the quiet village home
Of one true heart that never cared to roam.
Mine host grew with the town. New schemes more wide
From village-inn his interests divide.
His public spirit seeks a broader field,
The public's entertainment needs must yield.
Success that follows thrift, in goodly store,
Was his, and when the crown of years he bore
In his fair homestead smiling from the hill,

The courtly, handsome host we knew him still.
What phrase shall serve me for the gentle fame
That lights thy memory with its heart-warm flame?
Dear Doctor Winslow! words are vain indeed
To chronicle this man of liberal creed
And stainless life. His was the potent spell,
Beloved physician! to heal hearts as well.
How often on those pitiless Winter nights
In Chelsea's earliest days—for wind-swept heights
Knew him—on horseback face the fierce north wind,
His saddle-bags securely strapped behind,
Bound for some lonesome farmstead on the hills,
Ploughing through snow-drifts, crossing ice-bound rills,
Bearing his gifts of healing and of cheer.
Gifts oftenest were they—costing somewhat dear—
Not his the sordid care to count the cost,
A day without good deed he reckoned lost.
Not more heroic for his time and place,
That Plymouth Pilgrim of his name and race.
This Winslow's creed was writ with freer pen—
What matter? since "he loved his fellow men."
And the "Old Judge," his leal, half-century friend,
Nature's devise that fate had made to blend,
Each proved the other faithful to the end.
Almost in presence stalks that stately ghost—
In life, who loved or dreaded him the most
'Twere hard to tell. Staunch friend, frank enemy,
His will imperious sought all means to try
His ends to gain—all means save one—a lie.
He scorned a trick, in ambush never fought,
Deemed victory so won too dearly bought.
A heart he had,—the poor, the "shiftless" knew
How warm its charity, how broad its view;

All children loved him. His dumb fellow creatures,
Dogs, horses, cattle, cats, in those stern features
No terrors found, but only loving eyes
That seemed to read their voiceless mysteries.
The fervid fires of his ancestral France
Glowed in those eyes and lightened in their glance,
Some far off kinsman, when our faith was need,
So looked, the day of St. Bartholomew,
He, like his friend, his dogma had revised,
To-day 'twould not be deemed so ill-advised.
Last of the triad bound by life-long trust,
Shy, timid ghost, that in the flesh ne'er thrust
Obtrusive notice on the tiniest child,
So gentle, so considerate, so mild,
So courteous to all. His long descent
From ancient, worthy stock had subtly blent
The steadfast honor with the charity
That speaketh low when it must needs decry.
His warm heart loved the Welshman's fervid schism,
While with impartial eye, each modern "ism"
This calm philosopher would clearly scan—
Scholar profound, just judge, true gentleman!
Ah, dear old friend! forgive this loving mention,
And, "understand," 'tis not to call attention
To shining gifts, abounding Christian graces,
That in this world still sought to hide their faces.
Fain would I venerate that rare reserve
Which seemed to choose the fine device, "I serve."
A shape more youthful glides upon the view,
Beloved of all these then, for they best knew
The metal wrought too fine for life's rough ways.
More fitted he to our more fortunate days,
When varying gifts seek opportunity

Not bound, as when, the beaten tracks to try.
His was the poet heart of a St. John,
Whose name he bore, whose nature he took on.
Not his the ruder force that conquers fate
In the world's strife. He fell within the gate
That opens on the fortress of success,—
He had the more achieved had honor claimed him less,
Yet while the unequal fight he'd fain resign,
Dying, the Christian's valor left its sign
In those strong words that winged his latest breath,
Voicing triumphant faith that casts out fear of death.
But who are these? A cloud of witnesses—
This bright September sunshine owns the stress
Of thronging shadows from the buried years,
And here and there a well-known form appears
To waken friendly smiles 'midst memory's quiet tears.
Room for Miss Orcutt! Worthy prototype
Who came alas! before the time was ripe,
A standard bearer in the very van
Of the crusade against the monster, *man!*
She scorned male creatures all as worthless varmints,
Yet deigned to sew their lovely outer garments.
Of those rare women she, who, heaven bless them!
Need no "mere man" to worship them and dress them.
Turn we with sense of something like relief
To greet thine image, blameless Uncle Eph:
A bachelor by choice we must suppose,
Or victim of love's adverse fate—who knows?
All gentlest thoughts in urn this full-blown, unplucked rose!
That Lincoln, sturdy martyr! whose hard knocks
Of a rough wit made him unorthodox.
Of Sampson, not of Samuel type he was,

His feats gymnastic forged the bar, alas!
That barred him out from churchly brotherhood.
Too eager, he, to *make his story good.*
His wit served this sad blunder to recoup, *
He *could* not join the church, so "joined the troop."
Hither his perverse fate pursued him still—
His horse turned tail at the first muster drill.
Dear Mammy Esterbrooke! our childhood's dream
Was haunted by your gingerbread and cream.
Toothsome it was though somewhat dark of hue,
Ambrosial feast from childhood's point of view.
Ah, cynic critic! with your cultured taste,
Of life's *good things* you make most wilful waste.
The cry is still they come! The hour comes too,
Crying, "See here! this thing will never do!
You idle rhymester, furl your little sails!
Drop anchor! one of the historic Hales
Waits with his argosy of dates, of fact,
Of sifted records, verified, compact,"
Peccavi! friendly hour! some moments golden
Rest in your glass, for which I'm much beholden.
The happy tomboy that once roamed these hills,
Waded their streams and leaped their foaming rills,
Climbed their stone walls, likewise their maple trees,
Gathered wild strawberries on their sunny leas,
Of sharpest winter day forgot the chill;
While down the frozen slope, with pulse a-thrill,
At headlong speed, guiding her trusty sled,
Heedless of frocks and bumps she madly sped,
Now gazes down the vista of the years
Through memories equal blent of smiles and tears,
While for each brook, each field, each green-clad hill,

* See Appendix.

She owns a love that age can never chill.
If it were hers, with far prophetic gaze,
To pierce the coming century's baffling haze,
To trace what yet shall be from what has been.
Fain would she tell how this dear village green
Shall grow in thrift and teem with enterprise.
While round its borders costly structures rise.
And gracious homes smile from these sunny slopes,
And clustering spires shall point the Christian's hopes,
While civic halls shall statelily look down
In calm approval of the county town.
How the twin burgh, far up the crowded street
Shall buzz with tireless wheels and hurrying feet,
While rushing trains sped by some motive power,
As yet untested, bear the golden flower
Which art from labor plucks for commerce splendid dower.
Or else—while westward flows the restless tide
Of progress, whelming all the prairies wide,
This quiet village nestling midst its hills,
No more the field of hard conflicting mills.
In life's fierce battle, softly shall call back
Each world-worn wanderer from the dusty track
Of gain, ambition, failure or success,
To seek in the old home surcease of weariness.
To such o'erburthened lives it needs must seem
The happy valley of their boyhood's dream.
Meanwhile, whate'er the dower of future years,
Life's drama still goes on, its hopes, its fears,
The light heart's laughter and the mourner's tears.
Children shall frolic by each dancing stream,
And youth and maiden dream love's first sweet dream,
Manhood shall strive, and failing, still strive on,

And womanhood shall wear the cross upon
Her patient breast of willing sacrifice,
Content if she may pay the ransom price
To fate, that so her dear ones know no scathe,
While she her crown shall seek in her own loving faith,
While over all these sparkling northern skies
Brood with a benison of angel eyes
And breathe His love, and hint His holy mysteries.

THE HISTORICAL ADDRESS.

BY THOMAS HALE, OF KEENE, N. H.

SONS AND DAUGHTERS OF CHELSEA:

We meet to-day by invitation of "the old folks at home," to look each other in the face, to shake hands, and to exchange friendly greetings,—to look once more upon these beautiful hills, these rippling brooks fringed with strips of brightly green and fertile meadows, to breath the pure and invigorating air so characteristic of our native State, to revive the memories of our common birth-place, and to glance at the records of the town and of the town's families for these hundred years. I say *glance*, for a glance is all that the limited time and opportunity afforded will permit me to give. Should many things be inadvertently omitted, they can be given in a printed copy of the address, should one be demanded. But before entering upon the historical part of our programme, permit me to thank the people of Chelsea, adopted as well as native, in the name of all here assembled, for the generous invitation that has called ~~me~~ us back

to the home of ~~my~~ our childhood, and for the spirit with which they have prepared for these festivities.

The idea of commemorating the settlement of New England towns, now that so many of them can count their years by the century, has become quite prevalent, and is as worthy of being cherished as any event in our annals. In no foreign country, and nowhere in this country, save in New England, has the town sustained so important relations to the state and nation. This fact is recognized by that celebrated French writer, De Tocqueville, in his "Democracy in America," a work that should be in every American family. No English or American writer has given, in so thoroughly philosophical a manner, an account of our institutions, and the causes that led to their adoption, and no writer has so wisely forecast the dangers that naturally threatened the peace, prosperity and unity of the growing nation, as the author of this great work, written as it was, many years before our late civil war. To the New England town meetings De Tocqueville attributes the American's liberal ideas of government. Speaking of these meetings he says: "The impulsion of political activity was given in the townships, and it may almost be said that each of these originally formed an independent nation. They are subordinate to the state only in those interests which are common to all the people. They are independent in all that concerns themselves. * * * The sphere of the town is small indeed, and limited, but within that sphere its action is unrestrained. The New Englander is attached to his township, not only because he was born in it, but because it constituted a strong and free social body of which he is a member, whose government claims and deserves the exercise of his sagacity."

All can see and recognize the truth of these words quoted from De Tocqueville, for nowhere else outside of these New England town meetings can there be found so near an approach to a pure democracy, where all legal voters can assemble and legislate for themselves. Our March meeting has been called "the annual meeting of the democratic Legislature." Here the people in mass meeting assemble to discuss, face to face, the measures which they themselves are to adopt, to elect and instruct their officers, to assess taxes and vote appropriations. Here in these primary meetings our politicians learn the demands of the people and know how to respect them, and here our orators are born. No wonder, then, New Englanders love their native town, and come gladly together to celebrate its settlement.

But, before entering upon the history of Chelsea, I will follow the example of that most accomplished of American writers, Washington Irving, who, in writing his comical history of New York, deemed it necessary to give some account of the world and how it was made. So let us glance at the early history of Vermont and of Orange County, of which Chelsea has been for so long a period its worthy shire.

In the early settlement of the State, and prior to and during the revolutionary war, the settlers were much harrassed by the conflicting claims of New Hampshire and New York, both of which States or colonies claimed property in and jurisdiction over the whole domain. New York, as early as 1765 divided the territory into four counties, cutting it into four geographical quarters. The southwestern quarter was called the county of Albany, the northwestern quarter the county of Charlotte, the southeastern the county of Cumberland, and the north-

eastern the county of Gloucester. As the settlers grew in number and consequently in strength, New Hampshire yielded her claim, and later, in 1790, New York yielded her claims for the consideration of a *promise* of the Vermont Legislature to pay her the sum of $30,000. Thus was the way cleared for more formally assisting and maintaining the independence of Vermont as a State, and by a convention of delegates from both sides of the mountains, assembled at Westminster, in January, 1777, her independence was declared with all due form and solemnity. The State, as all know, was admitted into the Union in 1791. At the first session of the Vermont Legislature, in 1778, the State was divided into two counties, separated by the great mountain range, the western division being called Bennington county, while the eastern division was called Cumberland county.

In 1781, the Legislature divided this Cumberland county into three, namely, Windham, Windsor and Orange, the limits of the first two named being about as they are now, while Orange county extended from the northern limit of Windsor county to the Canada line. From this large county, Caledonia and Essex counties and a portion of Orleans were taken by act of the Legislature in 1792. Just five years later, in March, 1797, the Legislature divided the State into eleven counties, Lamoille, Grand Isle and Washington having since been added and making fourteen counties in the State. On the formation of Jefferson county, in 1810, the name of which was changed in 1814 to Washington, the towns of Barre, Berlin, Northfield and Roxbury were taken from Orange county and added to Washington, leaving us the seventeen towns we now have.

A word about shire towns and courts before Chelsea was settled and before it became the shire town.

When the provincial government of New York organized the county of Gloucester, in or about 1769, Kingsland, now Washington, was made the county seat. Three judges were commissioned, namely, John Taplin, Samuel Sleeper and Thomas Sumner; while James Pennock, Abner Fowler and John Peters were appointed justices of the Quorum, and John Taplin, Jr., was made high sheriff.. Courts of Common Pleas and quarter sessions were organized by the above judges and justices, at Kingsland, May 29, 1770, although that township was then wholly uninhabited, and not a road was opened, nor a house built, save a simple log hut hastily constructed for a court house and jail. But we are told that no courts were held that year till November, when eight cases were entered, but these were continued till the February term, in 1771. The courts were continued at Kingsland till August, 1772, when they were held alternately at Newbury and Kingsland until February, 1774, which was the last term ever held for Gloucester county, and no courts were held within that territory till June, 1781, when the first term for Orange county was held at Thetford. Orange county courts were held at Thetford till the December term of 1785, when they were removed to Newbury, where they continued to be held till the December term of 1796, when Chelsea became the permanent county seat for Orange county.

I am indebted for much of the above information to articles on Chelsea and Orange county written by Cornelius W. Clark, Esq., of this town, assisted, I understand, by Hon. Lyman G. Hinckley, now and for many years the county clerk.

While I am about to enter upon the history of Chelsea, or rather, while I am about to cast my glances at that history, I find my mind much in the condition of that described by that most worthy author, before quoted, Washington Irving. In the preface to an early edition of his "Tales of a Traveller," he says:

"My mind is in the condition of an ill-packed travelling trunk. I have read much, seen and heard more, and dreamt more than all. And when I draw forth an article from my memory, I can't tell whether I have read it, seen it, heard it or dreamt it; and am always at a loss to know how much to believe of my own story."

I read the above remarkable description of a great author's state of mind, more than forty years ago, and quote it from memory, for I do not find it in the later editions of his works.

After briefly stating how and by whom the town was first granted, chartered and settled, I propose to cast my glances at the town records, which I have hastily run over. These records I find very meagre and dry, merely recording the organization, town officers chosen, the appropriations voted for opening and improving roads, for the support of schools, preaching, etc., until the town became more populous and wealthy, when politics, war and questions of temperance, maintaining the poor and removing the county seat, agitated the public mind. After glancing through the records of the town I may notice some of the citizens who early settled here, and some of those who came after them, and who by their birth and character have honored the place of their nativity or adoption. And here I have to depend much upon my own memory and information but recently obtained through the courtesy of friends.

The township was first granted by the province of New York, about the year 1770, under the name of Gageborough; but no settlement having been made under that grant and name, the Legislature of Vermont granted, November 2, 1780, and gave it a charter by the name of Turnersburg, August 4, 1781. By the charter it contained 23,040 acres of land, or 36 square miles. The grant was made to Bela Turner and his associates. An official copy of the charter is now in the town clerk's office. It bears the above-named date and is signed by Thomas Chittenden, Governor, and countersigned by his excellency's command, Thomas Tolman, Deputy Secretary to the Governor and council.

NAMES OF THE GRANTEES.

Bela Turner, His Excellency Thomas Chittenden, Esq., Benjamin Huntington, Esq., Capt. Andrew Perkins, Dr. Philip Turner, Esq., Joshua Perkins, Solomon Perkins, Capt. Simeon Carew, Capt. Joseph Carew, Zephaniah Huntington, Dr. Joseph Perkins, Levi Huntington, Joseph Carpenter, Erastus Perkins, Prosper Whetmore, Esq., Perez Tracy, Benjamin Tracy, Peter Latham, Dr. Elisha Tracy, Dr. Philemon Tracy, John Turner, William Pitt, Jr., Bela Turner, Jr., Capt. Jared Tracy, Amasa Smith, Ezra Stiles, Esq., Amos Robinson, Capt. Elisha Burton, John Wheatley, Esq., Daniel Wells, Elisha Lathrop, Esq., Benjamin Perkins, Capt. John Chapman, William Douglass, Caleb Douglass, Samuel Douglass, Joshua Huntington, Barnabas Morse, Asa Utley, William Utley, Nathaniel Wheatley, Ebenezer Curtis, Edmund Hodges, Benjamin Dana, Juda Dana, Thomas Mattison, William Ward of Shaftsbury, John Lascell, George Douglass, Douglass Chapman, John Chapman,

Jr., Richard Chapman, Charles Hill, Charles Sexton, Clap Sumner, Elijah Dewey, Jr., Terry Douglass, Levi Hyde, Joseph Martin, Nathan Durkee, Asa Edgerton, Oliver Griswold, Daniel Hough, John Woodward, Moses Robinson, John House, John William Dana, Timothy Brownson, Noadiah Bissel, Benjamin Giles, and Simeon Peck.

THE CHARTER.

1770126

The charter, or act of incorporation, begins by making liberal provisions for churches and schools, as follows:

"To all persons to whom these presents shall come—Greeting. Know ye that whereas Bela Turner, Esquire, and his associates, our worthy friends, have by petition requested a grant of unappropriated land within this State, in order for settling a new plantation, to be erected into a township: We have therefore thought fit for the due encouragement of their designs, and for other valuable considerations as hereunto moving, and do by these presents, in the name and by the authority of the freemen of Vermont, give and grant the tract of land hereafter described and bounded, unto the said Bela Turner, and the several persons hereafter named, his associates, together with five equal shares or rights to be appropriated to the public uses, following: One share or right for the use of the seminary or college within this State; one share or right for the use of the county grammar schools throughout this State; one share or right for the first settled minister of the gospel in said township, to be disposed of for that purpose as the inhabitants thereof shall direct; one share or right for the support of the ministers; and one share or right for the benefit of a school or schools within said township."

After describing the boundaries of the township, the charter declares that the land so described shall be incorporated into a township by the name of Turnersburg, and the inhabitants thereof are declared to be enfranchised with all the privileges and immunities that other towns in the State enjoy, and to hold the granted premises on the following conditions: "That each proprietor of said township and his heirs shall plant and cultivate five acres of land, and build a house of at least eighteen feet square on the floor, or have one family settled on each share or right of land within the term of four years, next after the circumstances of the war will admit of it, on the pain of forfeiture of the land,—that all pine timber suitable for a navy shall be reserved for the benefit of the State."

THE SETTLEMENT OF THE TOWN.

Chelsea, having been settled after the close of the Revolutionary war, has less of daring adventure and of marvelous escapes,—less of thrilling events, as material for making up its early history, than many other towns that were settled previous to the beginning of that war or during its progress. Although the charter was issued during the period of the war, the town was not settled till a year after the war closed. Bradford was settled as early as 1765, and occupies thirty-seven pages in Miss Hemenway's Historical Gazetteer; Brookfield was settled in 1779 and occupies sixteen pages in that work; Corinth was settled in 1777 and occupies fourteen pages; Thetford was settled in 1764, and occupies fourteen pages; Randolph was settled in 1777 or '78, and occupies ninety-six pages in the same historical work; while Chelsea occupies the modest space of less than four pages in the same work! Thus you will at once see the scanty

material I have to work with. What a pity that Chelsea had not its birth in ante-Revolutionary times or amid the throes of that disturbed period! But we must do the best we can.

I learn from geographical and historical sketches found in Thompson's Vermont, that Chelsea was settled in 1784, one hundred years ago, by Samuel Moore, Thomas Moore and Asa Bond, the first two named being brothers, and the last a brother-in-law. In Thompson's Gazetteer, edition of 1842, in the article on Chelsea, written by the late Hon. Robert S. Hale, we find it stated that the three gentlemen named came from Winchester, N. H., that improvements were made here by them in the Spring of 1784, and that the next year they brought their families with them. I have often inquired who Bela Turner, the principal grantee of the township, was, and where he resided, but have not been able to learn. As there were several prominent families by the name of Turner, living in Winchester fifty years ago, and as they were in the same town from whence came the three pioneer settlers named, I have thought that Bela might have been residing in Winchester at the time the township was granted. Descendants of the Turners before referred to are living there now. I have recently been informed that four brothers, by the name of Wills, came to the West Hill, in this town, in 1784, where they occupied and cleared land,—that they came by the way of roads leading through Brookfield, and knew nothing of the other pioneers who came up the branch from Royalton. They supposed that they were the only settlers in the township. And probably the families who first settled here in the valley knew nothing of the settlers on the West Hill. This may not seem strange when we

consider that no roads were opened between these settlements, that an unbroken wilderness lay between them.

But to return to the first-named settlers. Thomas and Samuel Moore and Asa Bond were soon followed by other families, and early among them Enos Smith, the first town clerk, an office which he filled for several successive years. I remember him well as deacon in the Congregational church. His image with his very peculiar walk up the broad aisle of that church edifice, more than fifty years ago, is as vividly before me now, as if I saw him but yesterday. He lived on the East Hill, some two miles from the Green, and was the honored father of the late Hon. John W. Smith, for nearly forty years the town clerk of Chelsea, and whom most of the citizens now living must remember.

The first house built in the township was built by Thomas Moore near the central part of the old burying ground, and for many years in my boyhood days have I gazed with wonder on the remains of the old cellar, but partially filled, over which the dwelling stood, and was soon burned. In that house was the first child born in town,—Thomas Porter Moore, whom I well knew. The venerable hole, I am glad to know, has been recently filled, and converted into a convenient burial lot, with a handsome monument erected by Amos S. Hatch, Esq., who now honors us by his presence. Thomas P. Moore, alluded to as the first child born in town, having lived a long and useful life, now lies buried within a few yards of the place of his birth. He was born October 16, 1785, and died in May, 1867, having spent his entire life in town.

When the pioneer settlers came to this plantation they found a road built up the branch as far as what is known

as Tunbridge market. To this point they found comfortable travelling, and from here they made their way up the branch as best they could, marking trees for their future guide, and from here they brought their household goods on their backs, occupying about a week's time in their transportation, having previously stored them in Deacon Tracy's barn. Mrs. Thomas Moore, whose youngest son still survives, and is with us to-day, came from Tunbridge, about nine miles through the trackless woods on foot. The men took a bushel of grain on their backs, and carried it to mill at Royalton, a distance of thirteen miles, to be ground. Samuel and Thomas Moore lived to a ripe old age, Samuel residing in town till his death. Samuel Moore had much to do in town affairs, and frequently, in the early history of the settlement, the town meetings were held at his dwelling house. He removed to the East Hill, where he had a farm, some two miles southeast of the village, and there he died. Thomas, his brother, was frequently elected to town offices and was a prominent and useful citizen. He moved to the same part of the East Hill, occupying his farm there till his removal to Royalton a short time before his death. Asa Bond did not remain long in town, but moved to Vershire, and from there to Thetford, where he died.

Samuel Moore had two sons and four daughters, now all deceased. Carlos Moore, who was known to most of the citizens of Chelsea now living, was a grandson of Samuel Moore, and son of Spencer Moore, both respected citizens, Carlos having represented the town in the Legislature in 1866 and 1867. Samuel Moore was twice married, William being his eldest son, and Spencer a son by his second wife. Only one of his four daughters

was married, and she to Jonah Cooley, who lived on or near the Strafford road, some two miles southeast of the village.

Thomas Moore had twelve children, seven sons and five daughters, the only survivor, not only of his children, but the only survivor of all the children of the three pioneer settlers in the valley, being Salmon Joiner Moore, now in his 84th year, and whom I am glad to see here with us to-day. To him I am indebted for much information concerning his father's and his uncle's families.

Thomas Porter Moore, of whom I have previously spoken as being the first child born in town, had eight sons, the youngest of whom was killed during the late civil war. One died in California. Five sons are supposed to be now living,—one in Chelsea, Thomas P., now residing on the old homestead on the East Hill. N. Gilbert Moore, grandson of the pioneer Thomas, son of Willard Moore, and nephew of Salmon J., now resides in the lower part of the village on Main street with three children. A daughter of Thomas Porter married Charles Tewksbury of Point Shirley, in Winthrop, Mass.

I now return to the other pioneer settlers, before mentioned. They were four brothers, and their names were Jonathan Wills, Joel Wills, Jacob Wills and Jesse Wills. Perley Chandler Wills, now living on the West Hill, is a son of Jesse Wills, the youngest of the four brothers named, and he informs me that they came to the West Hill in 1784, and cleared land not far from where the son now lives,—that they came through Brookfield, and consequently entered the township on the west side of it.

Mr. Perley C. Wills is the oldest person in town, who was born here, he having been born in April, 1798,

and is therefore in the 87th year of his age. His mind is seemingly unimpaired, and from him and his daughter I have obtained my information. Brookfield was their market town, where they carried their grain to mill, and where they purchased provisions while clearing land, and planting and harvesting their crops. Jacob Wills soon went to Tunbridge. Jonathan was married and had three children when he came to the township, while the other brothers were unmarried. Jonathan, the eldest, moved to Randolph, where he resided for several years and died. A son of his, Anson Wills, now resides in Randolph. Joel went to Brandon, Vt., where he died. Jesse Wills, the father of Perley C., moved to Fairhaven, Vt., and from there went to Warren county, N. Y., where he died. The wife of Perley C. Wills was born in Chelsea, and is now living at the age of 79 years. Her father was Oliver Smith, who came to town in 1792, from Lebanon, N. H.

Jacob Perkins came to Chelsea, with his family, in 1789, from Windham, Ct., and settled on a farm, on the West Hill, his farm joining that of Jesse Wills. He brought with him three sons, two of whom, Daniel and Elisha, had families, while the other, David, was unmarried, but who afterwards married a daughter of Deacon Ivory Douglass, who, and his brother, Caleb Douglass, were prominent citizens among the earliest settlers of Chelsea. They came here from New London, Ct., in 1788, after cutting down trees and clearing ten acres of land each. They came back to stay, the next year, in 1789. Caleb Douglass lived on the Strafford road, and died in 1821. Deacon Ivory Douglass was drowned, while bathing in New London, in 1825, at the age of 65 years. There are two sons of Caleb Douglass, now living,—Guy Douglass, now of Danville, in this State,

and Edward Douglass, who is now about 80 years of age, has always lived in Chelsea, and is one of the most thrifty farmers in town. His father had ten children, all but one of whom lived to be over 70 years of age. Two lived to be over 90.

Elihu Hyde came to town about 1790, and settled on the West Hill, but before many years moved to the village, or the centre of the town, where he saw the village was to be, and opened a store in the house long owned and occupied by Amplius Blake, where Salmon J. Moore now resides. He had much to do with public affairs, was an intelligent gentleman, and a great reader,—of positive religious and political convictions. I have "heard it said" that he first suggested the name of Chelsea for the town, when its name was changed from Turnersburg, in honor of a parish and borough of London, England, and now one of the suburbs of that city. It has been famous for its military hospital and asylum for the support and education of the children of soldiers, and where the Duke of Wellington lay in state before his funeral. Esquire Hyde was a great admirer of the duke, and ranked him far ahead of the great Napoleon. He was town clerk for many years. His two sons, Elihu Hyde and Rufus Hatch Hyde, but recently deceased, lived to a good old age, and were among the most successful business men of the town. He had a daughter, Sarah—blind and unmarried; Mary, who died at six years of age; Harriet, now living as Mrs. Robbins; Julia A., now Mrs. Chase; and Mary, now Mrs. Pike of Cornish, N. H. Mrs. Robbins and Mrs. Chase still reside in Chelsea, and I had the pleasure of seeing all three of the widowed sisters together in a recent visit here. Harriet Hyde was one of my favorite teachers in my early boyhood.

THE FIRST TOWN MEETING.

I will now glance at the early town records, in order to see how the earliest settlers organized the town, and how they progressed with the organization. The first town meeting on record was held March 31, 1788. I copy the call literally:

"Turnersburg, March 14, 1788.—These are to notify and warn all the inhabitants of Turnersburg, who are legal voters, to meet at the dwelling house of Samuel Moore, on the 31st day of this instant March, at 9 of the clock, to act on the following articles, T. witt: To choose a Moderator to govern said meeting; 2d, to choose a Town Clerk and all other necessary town officers, as the law directs, and to do all other bisness whieh may appear necessary att said meeting. Signed, Thomas Moredock."

The record follows:

"Agreeable to the above warning, at a time and place, Thomas Porter, Esquire, according to the acquirements of the law, opened sd. meeting. First. Chose Mr. Roger Wales Moderator to govern sd. meeting. 2d. Voted and chose Enos Smith Town Clerk. 3dly. Voted and chose Mr. Asa Bond First Selectman for the year ensuing. 4thly. Voted and chose Mr. Joshua Lathrop Second Selectman for the ensuing year. 5thly. Voted and chose Mr. Roger Wales Third Selectman for the year ensuing. 6thly. Voted and chose Mr. Thomas Moore, Esq., Grand Juror for the year ensuing. 7thly. Voted and chose Enos Smith Treasurer for the town for the ensuing year. 8thly. Voted and chose Mr. Ivory Douglass Sealer of Weights and Measures for the year ensuing.

"Personally appeared the above named persons that were elected to office, and took their engagements by oath before Thomas Porter, Justice Peace.

"Attest, Enos Smith, Town Clerk."

July 1, 1788, at a second town meeting, warned by the selectmen, Joshua Lathrop was chosen moderator, and it was voted that the selectmen look out a road from Joshua Lathrop's to a number of the inhabitants, not to establish it, and that those people living on said road may cut and clear the same, and shall draw pay from the town out of some future tax that shall be raised by the town or State, shall draw so much per day as shall hereafter be determined by the town or State. Capt. Jacob Perkins was appointed to oversee said road. Thomas Moore, Capt. Jacob Perkins, Thomas Moore, Jr.,* Joshua Lathrop and Asa Bond were appointed a committte to "appoint" or lay out a burying ground, and agree with the men that own the land. Voted that the town petition the Assembly to grant a tax of two pence on the acre of all land in Turnersburg. Voted, fifthly, to lease out the school lot, No. 45, to William Stroud seven years, clear of all rent. After that a committee to be appointed to prize said lot, excluding his labor, and lease it to him as long as wood grows and water runs, he being obliged to pay the interest of the money for which the lot is prized.

September 29, 1788, a third town meeting was held in which it was voted to petition the Assembly to alter the name of the town and call it Brookline, and Seth Austin, Esq., was appointed an agent to carry in said petition.

* "Thomas Moore, Jr.," is the Thomas Moore first mentioned as one of the first settlers. His father coming to town later he found it necessary to make the distinction by adding junior to his own name.

At the next town meeting, held March 3rd, 1789, the warrant begins with the date of Chelsea, *alias* Turnersburg, and the inhabitants of Chelsea are warned to meet at the house of Samuel Moore, etc., thus proving that the suggested name of Brookline was not accepted, but that that of Chelsea was. At this meeting the town voted to accept the burying ground laid out on the branch; voted to appoint a committee to find the centre of the town, for the most suitable place for a meeting-house. The following were the committee appointed: Capt. Jacob Perkins, Theophilus Huntington, Ichabod Franklin, Thomas Moore, Jr., Dea. Samuel Lincoln, Enos Smith and Roger Wales.

The town voted, July 30th, 1789, to petition the General Assembly not to doom them this year; voted not to send a representative to the Assembly; voted, 1791, to agree with Rogers Wales for two acres of land for a common. Theophilus Huntington seems this year (1791) to have been appointed the first justice of the peace.

In 1794 it was voted to pay Capt. Nathaniel Oak nineteen and a half bushels of wheat for building the pound, stocks and sign-post. Nothing is here said about a whipping-post, nor do I find anywhere in the town records any mention of such a post. But that such a post existed there can be little doubt. Several of the older inhabitants now living, remember the talk about the whipping-post. In my boyhood, I distinctly remember an old post, with its red paint partially worn off, standing on a small knoll, which one passed as he crossed the bridge going from the court house down toward the hotel, at the northwest corner of the north common. They told us that it was once the whipping-post. According to my recollection, it was some eight

or ten feet high. The sign-post referred to may have been a post on which to post bills or public notices. The stocks, a sort of contrivance in which guilty persons were made to stand with their feet fastened, stood, I am told, on the south common, near its western border.

It was also voted, this year (1794), to build a house for the use of the town, to be twenty by forty feet square, nine feet post, high roof, with two stacks of chimneys, etc., to be set in the northeast corner of the common. Later, March 17, 1795, it was voted that the money previously voted should be appropriated for building a larger town house, and still later, December 5, 1795, and probably before any definite action had been taken on the votes of previous town meetings, it was voted—

"That Capt. Stephen Buhonon* be directed to deed to Reuben Hatch the whole of the public building, or town house, so called, in Chelsea, on conditions that said Hatch shall lease to the selectmen of Chelsea and their successors in office, for the use of the town, the privilege of repairing to the upper arched room in said house, by way of the western door, and the improvement of said room and gallery for regular town meetings, public worship, and for the use of the county court if wanted for that purpose; also, said Hatch to have the privilege of introducing courts, arbitrations, or such like regular meeting into said house without any hire to him or owners,— said Hatch to have no more privilege in said room and gallery than any other person in said town, except the privilege of repairing to and from the bed-rooms under the gallery, and as above directed."

Here I have all that the records of the town meetings give us for providing, up to this time, for a town house,

* The name was at a later period spelled Bohonon.

court house, or house for public religious worship. This house, or building, stood near where the Hyde store now stands, but was removed to the opposite side of the street, and there it stood, to the admiring gaze of my boyhood, with its double or gambrel roof, occupied, I believe, as a hotel. In that house lived Capt. Nathaniel Oak, so long acting sexton of the town, who subsequently moved into a smaller house on the north side of the street, running east of the jail, at the foot of the hill. When about 80 years old he went to the State of Maine to live with a son, and there he died while happily praising God in a love feast. This public building was sometimes called a town house, but only the public hall was used for town meetings, for religious worship and for courts, arbitrations and other like public purposes. Here Rev. Frederick Plumer, a somewhat celebrated Christian minister in his day, used to preach, and here, too, Rev. Lathrop Thompson and his son-in-law and successor, Rev. Calvin Noble, preached, Congregationalists and Christians holding public religious services alternately. There was a great religious revival under Mr. Plumer's preaching, and frequently he preached to large congregations on the common. Sometimes there would be a little friction between the two societies, Mr. Plumer displaying a good deal of *tact* and smartness, for which the graver Congregational preachers were little prepared. I give an instance: The Congregationalists were holding their service, perhaps a little later than usual, when Rev. Mr. Plumer entered the hall, and amid the service exclaimed: "I shall begin my service in just fifteen minutes." The service having been concluded, Mr. Plumer took the stand, or desk, many Congregationalists remaining to worship with the Christians. But being displeased with

something Mr. Plumer said, several started to leave the hall, when Mr. Plumer remarked: "The wicked flee when no man pursueth, but the righteous are bold as a lion!" Mr. Plumer removed to Philadelphia, where he resided many years and died. The society of Christians, that grew and prospered under his preaching, gradually disappeared as an organized body, some of its members joining the Methodist Episcopal society here when it was formed.

The earliest record we find of the town's providing for the preaching of the Gospel was in 1795, when at a town meeting it was voted that "some method be taken for hiring preaching for the time the town thinks it convenient." It was soon after voted to hire Mr. Hubbard for four Sabbaths, including the last Sabbath in April. This was in 1795. May 19th of that year, it was voted in town meeting to hire Mr. Hubbard "some longer, till one Sabbath after the first Tuesday in September," wishing, no doubt, to keep the town's politics pure until after the election. It was at the same time voted that the West Hill have its share of preaching, according to the grand list of said West Hill. There was then a small Baptist society in that part of the town, and its members claimed their share of the town's money appropriated for preaching, and the town was liberal enough to grant their claim. There were others residing in the central part of the town, beside Baptists, who desired that their share of the money appropriated for preaching should be paid to other ministers than those of the "standing order," as the Congregationalists were called, in those days, and in order to secure this claim they had to make oath, or give their affidavit, that they did not agree with the prevailing sentiment of the town, or with the Congregationalists.

Many of these affidavits are recorded in the town clerk's books.

I may here state that after the building of the court house, in 1810, the two religious societies worshipped in it alternately until the Congregational house was completed, in 1813. Since that time religious services were held or occasionally only in the court house, until the Mothodist society was organized, when it became its regular place of worship till 1837, when its church was built, in which it still worships.

To go back to the town records, in 1795, the town voted to raise one cent on the dollar of the grand list to defray town expenses, and to raise, in addition, money for a school or school house, and one penny on a pound for schooling, payable in wheat at four shillings a bushel. The first school house built in town now stands on the west side of Main street, not far from the Methodist church, and is occupied as a dwelling house by Mr. John Sanborn. It is still a good substantial building, and like the frame work in the Congregational church, which has stood unimpaired for a period of seventy-three years, it proves the soundness of the timber used, and the thoroughness of the workmanship in the simpler but purer days of the republic.

To illustrate the manner of disposing of the town's poor and the cost of maintaining that class of its population, I quote from the town clerk's record the following item:

"March 2d, 1802, voted to sell at vendue, to the lowest bidder, the support and maintenance of John Wells during the term of one year from this date, to include comfortable victuals, mending, washing, lodging, pipe and tobacco, shave him once each week, and cut his hair,

which was bid off to Daniel Perkins at the price of $55 per annum."

It was voted in town meeting, August 18, 1796, to raise $50 to pay Stephen Buhonon for one acre of land on which to erect a court house and jail, said land lying east of and adjoining the common, and south of the East Hill road. Also voted to raise $400 for building a jail in Chelsea, and the selectmen were authorized to conclude a bargain which Reuben Hatch, Elias Carter, Stephen Buhonon and Sluman Allen had made with Elijah Hubbard, said jail to contain two apartments, one for criminals and one for debtors. The jail and the acre of land, except what was needed for a court house, were to be deeded to said Hubbard. The selectmen were authorized to raise by subscription any further sum which they find necessary to seat the town house and arrange it for the use of the courts if possible. This was the year in which Chelsea became the county seat.

The whole vote for governor, cast this year (1796), numbered fifteen, nine for Thomas Chittenden and six for Isaac Tichenor. I imagine that the roads were not very good, or that the people cared little who was their governor, for the population of the town in 1791, five years previous, was 239, and four years later it was 809. Daniel Buck seems to have had all the votes cast for member of Congress, indicating a popularity to which his son, D. Azro A. Buck, subsequently succeeded.

In 1798 the town voted one cent on the dollar of the grand list, payable in cash, rye, wheat or Indian corn, the price of the grain to be estimated by the selectmen. In 1797, the town voted to raise by taxation $150 for the support of preaching, but at a special meeting held later (April 3, 1798), voted not to hire preaching for this

year, feeling poorer materially, probably, than they did spiritually.

Voted, October 4, 1799, that the selectmen prepare a petition to the General Assembly to grant a land tax of six cents on the acre for the purpose of building a court house in Chelsea; voted to raise a tax of five mills on the dollar of the grand list to defray town charges, payable in grain; voted, also, to pay Reuben Hatch $15 for procuring a copy of the town charter.

March 11, 1800, voted to receive proposals for building a court house, forty by fifty feet, and to see what the present court room will sell for toward the cost of building. The land tax for building the court house amounted to $1320. Amount raised by subscription was $615, making in all the sum of $1935. Oliver Torry proposed to build the court house for this sum and what might be raised in addition by subscription. This offer was accepted, and Mr. Torry gave his bond to perform the work.

Voted (1801) to divide the town into eleven school districts, and to raise by tax $500 to build a grammar school in addition to what may be raised by subscription.

March 8, 1808, Harry Hale, Daniel Perkins and Rufus Lathrop were appointed a committee to settle and adjust the accounts of the selectmen and overseers of the poor. Elisha Hotchkiss, Safford Eddy and Elihu Hyde were appointed to settle the accounts of the treasurer. This seems to have been the first instance of auditing the public accounts of the town.

This year the vote cast for governor seems to have largely increased since 1796, when only 15 were cast. This year (1808), 164 were cast, 117 for Isaac Tichenor and 47 for Israel Smith.

Thomas P. Moore, the first born in town, took the freeman's oath and voted for the first time, December 12, 1808, voting for member of Congress.

At a special town meeting, October 8, 1811, Harry Hale, moderator, it was voted that Samuel Hovey, Baptist, be considered the first settled minister in town, he having been settled over the Baptist society June 20, 1798, and he was therefore voted to be entitled to the share or right of land provided in the charter.

March 17, 1812, Josiah Dana, moderator, voted one cent on the dollar of the grand list for the support of English schools, in addition to what may be raised by law.

Money raised by town tax,	$402 20
Money raised by school tax,	397 98
	$800 18
Cash in the treasury,	302 07
Cost of keeping the poor,	232 21

August 6, 1812, at a special town meeting, voted to raise a tax of seven mills on a dollar of the grand list for procuring military stores, to be paid into the treasury, within sixty days. This was undoubtedly a war tax, occasioned by the recent declaration of war by our government against England.

March 31, 1813, it was voted that every person in the town of Chelsea, entitled to a vote in town meeting, shall hereafter have an equal right to the money arising from the rent of the parsonage land, so called, and may signify to the authority in writing, or in some other way, to what society or gospel minister he wishes his share of said money appropriated, and it shall be the duty of the selectmen and civil authority, annually, hereafter, when

tavern-keepers are appointed, or at some other time for the purpose, to cause said money to be divided among the several societies or ministers agreeable to the wishes of the persons aforesaid, and draw orders on the treasurer for the sum to which each society or minister shall appear to be entitled.

The governor vote this year (1813) was — for Jonas Galusha 137, for Martin Chittenden 119, Paul Brigham 2, William Chamberlin 1; total vote 259. This was quite a respectable vote, nearly or quite as many as are sometimes cast now-a-days, I think.

Voted (1815) to allow Listers one dollar a day for their services.

The year 1816 is memorable for its cold summer, and this year, March 19, D. Azro A. Buck was chosen moderator, and at the September election he was chosen town representative. This marks the beginning of a remarkably successful career of this most popular young man.

At the March meeting of 1817 Rufus Lathrop was chosen moderator and H. E. G. McLaughlin first selectman, when the meeting adjourned. At the adjourned meeting Elisha Williams and Benjamin Rolfe were chosen the two other selectmen.

The vote for Congress in 1820 was — D. Azro A. Buck 154, Josiah Dana 3, John Mattocks 2. A very light vote, which shows that the freemen of Chelsea wished to vote for Col. Buck or nobody. Mr. Mattocks was elected by the district.

At March meeting, 1821, voted to pay all town officers in *grain* for their services.

At a special town meeting in January, 1824, it was voted to raise $500, payable in wheat, rye and corn, to assist in building a stone jail, provided that after the

money raised by the county and by subscription be expended, then to appropriate any or all of said tax as shall be needed.

Vote for Congress in 1824: D. A. A. Buck 233, John Mattocks 3; total 236.

Vote for Congress in 1826: D. Azro A. Buck 316, James Bell 1; total 317.

I believe Mr. Mattocks was elected in 1824, and that Col. Buck was elected in 1826. The one vote for Bell was probably cast by Mr. Buck himself.

March, 1828, it was voted to annex eight lots in the southeastern part of Brookfield, the Legislature having passed an act authorizing the annexation, and the town voted to accept it.

This year (1828) is memorable in American politics, and particularly in the politics of Vermont. Party lines had been almost or quite obliterated, under Monroe's administration, and they could hardly be said to have been restored under John Quincy Adams. But the Presidential campaign of 1828, with Mr. Adams a candidate for re-election, with the conservative forces of Henry Clay at the South and West to support him, and Gen. Andrew Jackson, who gathered around him a large portion of the old Jefferson party, with many leaders of the old Federal party, for his only competitor, was a partial revival of old party lines. New England was largely in favor of the re-election of Mr. Adams, New Hampshire giving the largest Jackson minority against him. In Vermont the Adams party were overwhelmingly in the majority. Jeffersonian Democrats and Federalists alike supporting the "Sage of Quincy." But the political event in Vermont, this year, was the protracted contest for member of Congress in this district, embracing

Orange, Washington, Caledonia and Essex counties,—a contest that lasted nearly or quite one year and a half, D. Azro A. Buck of Chelsea and James Bell of Walden being the candidates who were friendly to the re-election of Mr. Adams, while Gen. Seth Cushman of Guildhall was the Jackson candidate, and William Cahoon of Lyndon was the candidate of the anti-Masons. The Jackson party was gradually developing into the regular Democratic organization, while the Adams party, composed of old Federalists and Jeffersonian Republicans, was crystallizing into the Whig party, and anti-Masonry had become an important factor in Vermont politics. On the first trial Col. Buck led all other candidates, receiving, in round numbers, 2900 votes, James Bell 900, William Cahoon 1600, and Seth Cushman 1815. I remember the precise number of Gen. Cushman's vote from a remark made by Daniel Jackson of this town, who was one of the half dozen original Jackson men in the village. "Eighteen hundred and fifteen," he exclaimed, "just the right number, for that is the year Gen. Jackson fought the battle of New Orleans." The law of the State then requiring an absolute majority to elect, the contest continued, as before stated, a year and a half. Messrs. Buck, Bell and Cushman had a consultation at Montpelier and concluded to withdraw in favor of the Hon. Samuel Prentiss of Montpelier, who was accepted as the one candidate to beat Mr. Cahoon, and defeat anti-Masonry. The result of this combination was no choice! Messrs. Prentiss and Cahoon running nearly alike, and the scattering vote preventing an election. Mr. Prentiss withdrew from the contest, another trial was had, and William Cahoon was elected.

On the first trial the vote in Chelsea stood as follows: D. Azro A. Buck 213, Seth Cushman 54, James Bell 4, William Cahoon 3, scattering 2; total vote 274. The vote for President, this year, in Chelsea was: John Quincy Adams 193, Andrew Jackson 111; total vote 304. A larger vote than for Congress two months previous, as many votes were usually cast for President by voters living out of town, it being more convenient for them to come to Chelsea to vote than to go to their own town's place of voting, the peculiar law of Vermont permitting this. But it will be seen that Mr. Buck's popularity still gave him more than his party's vote.

This year (1836) Chelsea received its share of the public money, distributed to the several States from the surplus money in the United States treasury, Josiah Dana, Daniel Tarbell and Harry Hale being appointed trustees of said surplus money.

At the annual March meeting of 1839, the following preamble and resolution were voted and passed to become a part of the town records:

"*Whereas*, certain individuals have got up a great excitement on temperance and intemperance, and have brought the subject of approbating taverns, stores, groceries, &c., into town meetings, a thing heretofore unknown in this town, and

"*Whereas*, That is a subject which properly comes before a board consisting of the selectmen and civil authority of the town, therefore,

"*Resolved*, As the sense of this meeting, that the selectmen and civil authority of the town of Chelsea be requested to meet at Jacob Perkins, Jr., in Chelsea, on the 6th inst., and then and there approbate all such per-

sons as shall make application to sell foreign or domestic distilled spirits, or so many of such applicants as said board shall deem suitable and proper persons to sell spirituous liquors in said town for the year ensuing."

March, 1840, in town meeting, voted that Harry Hale, Joshua Dickinson and Elihu Hyde be a committee to purchase and take a deed of a farm for the poor, not to cost over $2000, and to be paid for from the surplus money.

The years 1839 and 1840 are somewhat memorable — the former in Vermont politics, as being the year in which the Democrats of the State cast the largest vote for governor ever cast by them before or since that year, it being over 24,000, and that vote was cast for Nathan Smilie, the father-in-law of Levi B. Vilas, a well-known politician of this town, and grandfather of Col. William F. Vilas, now of Madison, Wis., and recently the distinguished president of the Democratic National Convention at Chicago. Mr. Smilie was familiarly called "the Farmer of Lamoille," and *sailed* under the banner of "Smilie and Bank Reform."

The year 1840 is memorable in national politics for the political storm that swept over the country, and elected Gen. William H. Harrison President over Martin Van Buren, log cabins and hard cider being the emblems or signs under which the Whigs triumphed over the Democrats. In 1839, the vote in Chelsea for governor was: Nathan Smilie (Dem.) 228, Silas H. Jennison (Whig) 182; total vote 410. In 1840 the vote for governor stood: For Paul Dillingham (Dem.) 240; for Silas H. Jennison (Whig) 200; total vote 440. This was probably the largest vote ever cast, legally, in Chelsea for governor. Chelsea and Orange county had become

strongly Democratic in politics, under the adroit management of Levi B. Vilas and Calvin Blodgett, the latter known as Judge Blodgett, and as the best and most popular landlord the town or county ever had. He removed to Burlington, and there became rich in the lumber trade. He and Judge Vilas are both deceased, the latter dying in Wisconsin.

Voted, in March meeting, 1842, to stock the poor farm. The expense of keeping the poor this year being $594.38.

At March meeting, 1844, voted that the use of intoxicating liquors, as an ordinary beverage, is injurious, and that the sale of it ought to be discouraged. Two other resolutions looking to the restraint of the sale were defeated. On a vote to license or not to license, the vote stood: To license 142, not to license 257; majority against license 108. At a special town meeting Cornelius Robinson was appointed an agent to make a survey of the common, and to establish the boundary thereof, and to remove obstructions. We may therefore suppose the boundaries of the common are definitely and accurately fixed, and it certainly appears to be free from obstructions.

At a special town meeting, in 1846, it was voted that the town become obligated to raise $1000 for building a town hall in the basement of the court house about to be built.

November 10, 1846, at a special meeting, it was voted that the trustees of the surplus money be directed to deliver to the selectmen $1000, to be expended in building the town hall.

The year 1850 is noted in Chelsea politics for the unusually large vote given for town representative to the

Legislature. The Democratic candidate was Levi B. Vilas and the Whig candidate was Elihu Hyde. On the first ballot the vote stood: For L. B. Vilas 224, for Elihu Hyde 226, scattering 5; total vote 455. On the second ballot the vote stood: For L. B. Vilas 261, for Elihu Hyde 223, scattering 2; total vote 486. Mr. Vilas was declared elected, but Mr. Hyde took his seat in the Legislature.

In 1852, at the Freeman's meeting in September, William Hebard and Harry Hale were chosen a committee to act with the selectmen in opposing the removal of the county seat.

The vote for Governor this year, was as follows: John Robinson (Dem.) 171, Erastus Fairbanks (Whig) 171, Lawrence Brainerd (Free Soil) 51; total vote 393. For town representative the vote was: For Burnam Martin (Whig) 168, for B. T. Blodgett (Dem.) 164, for Emory Rice (Free Soil) 49; total vote 371.

The vote for the Presidential Electors, this year, was: For General Winfield Scott (Whig) 175, for Franklin Pierce (Dem.) 150, for John P. Hale (Free Soil) 60; total vote 385.

In 1853, at a town meeting held in February, the following vote was given on the question of licensing the sale of spirituous liquors: For license 142, against license 250; majority against license 108.

In 1856, the vote for Governor was: For Ryland Fletcher (Rep.) 257, for Henry Keyes (Dem.) 94.

The vote for Presidential Electors, this year (1856) was: For John C. Fremont (Rep.) 317, for James Buchanan (Dem.) 117; total vote 434. Republican majority 200.—the Whigs, Free Soilers and many anti-slavery Democrats uniting and forming the Republican

party. The vote for Congress in September of this year was: For Justin S. Morrill 259, for C. B. Chase 81; total vote 340.

In 1860, the vote for Governor was: For Erastus Fairbanks (Rep.) 274, for John G. Saxe (Dem.) 89; total vote 363. In November, the Presidential vote was: For Abraham Lincoln (Rep.) 261, for Stephen A. Douglass (Dem.) 80, for John Bell (Old Line Whig) 9; total vote 350. The vote for Congress in September of this year was: For Justin S. Morrill (Rep.) 274, for Charles A. Davenport (Dem.) 78, for Asa M. Dickey, (Dem.) 2; total vote 354.

At the March town meeting in 1862, it was voted to purchase a piece of land for a new burying ground, or cemetery, and to sell at public auction lots, the avails of which were to be applied to the purchase, and other lots were to be laid out for the public use, for those, I suppose, who may not be able to purchase them. Strong resolutions were passed against the sale of intoxicating liquors, which were being sold contrary to law. The purpose of the town to have a new cemetery, for the burial of the dead, has been most faithfully carried out, and much credit is due to Capt. William H. H. Hall for the faithful manner in which this laudable purpose has been executed. The cemetery is situated on a hill and commands a fine view of the village and the beautiful valley in which it is situated. Here land was purchased and the whole enclosed and handsomely laid out in spacious and convenient lots. Many beautiful and imposing monuments of Barre granite have been erected, and many headstones of the best of material already adorn the ground. In addition to all this a very handsome gateway, a tomb and a hearse house have been constructed,

and everything done which good taste and judgment could devise to render the cemetery pleasant and attractive. Thither citizens daily resort to pay their respects to the dead and to enjoy the splendid view which the hallowed grounds afford of the surrounding hills and the beautiful village that lies nestled in the valley. All honor to our native town for this work of affection which it has paid to the dead. But while we commend the work of affection and respect, let us not forget what is due to the earlier dead, and the fathers of the town, that lie buried in the old burying ground. Let that hallowed spot be not forgotten.

THE SOLDIERS.

While our native town has not been unmindful of its duty to the dead, it has equally cared for those who risked their lives in defence of their country. August 19, 1862, it voted a bounty of $50 to every man who had entered the army and who shall enlist before the 25th of August, instant, when such enlisted men have been mustered into service and have been accepted as a portion of the quota of 300,000 called for, for three years' service; and a little later it voted to pay $25 to every man enlisting under the call for nine months' men, payment to be made to the families of married men, and to single men or their orders. September 15, there was voted an additional bounty of $50 to the sum of $25 voted in August last to each volunteer for nine months, making $75 in all. And it voted, July 23, 1863, to pay $300 to each man drafted, or his substitute, who shall actually join the army. Voted, November 29, 1863, to pay each volunteer who shall be mustered into service under the call of

October 17, 1863, $300. Voted, January 1, 1864, to raise $500 on the grand list toward building a jail house.

Thus it will be seen by the records how from the beginning the early settlers of Chelsea took care to provide, not only for their material wants and comforts by opening roads, building bridges and clearing land for its cultivation, but how they and their fellow citizens who came after them provided the means for the mental and religious training of their sons and daughters. Few towns, even in the older States, have been more careful in these things. And, *pari passu*, with this labor of love for the human race, has been the generous spirit of patriotism displayed when our government and country were assailed by an armed rebellion, such as the world had never seen. The town record gives but a faint outline of what the town has done in the lines referred to, but the citizens who now dwell here and who have dwelt here for the past twenty-five years, know better than I can tell them what struggles they have passed through. Others have only to look at the beautiful village between these hills, at the two church edifices, in their neat and comfortable condition — one of which is not surpassed in the State for its pleasant and elegant audience room; to the academy building, enlarged, reconstructed and beautified from the old two-storied school house, with its interior construction, for elegance and convenience equal to the best in the State; to the old burying ground, laid out and enclosed nearly one hundred years ago, for the monumental reminders of the departed citizens who honored not only the town, but the whole State, by their lives; to the new cemetery on the hill, near by, with the labor and money expended upon and around it with consummate taste and skill; to those two beautiful parks so substantially

enclosed, with their shadowing trees and freshly green and clean sward. Others, I say, who have not been residents here for the last quarter of a century, have only to look at these and be convinced that Chelsea has not been unmindful of the best interests of its people.

To supply what the records do not enable us to see in a convenient form, I propose to give a list of some of the offices which our townsmen have filled, beginning with a list of county clerks, most of whom have been citizens of Chelsea. The office is a responsible one, and it may be remarked, it has been filled very generally by men who were quite equal to the responsibility imposed:

COUNTY CLERKS.

1801, Isaac Bailey, holding till 1811, ten years; 1811, Elihu Hyde, holding one year only; 1812, H. E. G. McLaughlin, holding till 1833, twenty-one years; 1833, Harry Hale, holding till 1837, four years; 1837, J. W. D. Parker, holding till 1838, one year; 1838, John W. Smith, holding till 1840, two years; 1840, Perley C. Jones, holding till 1845, five years; 1845, Calvin Blodgett, holding till 1850, five years; 1850, Joseph Berry, holding till 1852, two years; 1852, Royal M. Flint, holding till 1854, two years; 1854, Samuel M. Flint, holding till 1855, one year; 1855, C. W. Clark, holding till 1857, two years; 1857, Burnam Martin, holding till 1859, two years; 1859, Salmon B. Hebard, holding till 1861, two years; 1861, Lyman G. Hinckley, who, from that date has continually held the office, and holds it now, for a period of twenty-three years.

LIST OF TOWN CLERKS IN CLELSEA.

1788, Enos Smith; 1791, Stephen Buhonon; 1793, Alex. McDowell; 1796, Reuben Hatch; 1802, Joseph Farrar; 1803, Elihu Hyde; 1806, Thomas Huntington; 1807, Benjamin H. Oak; 1812, John Stearns, Daniel Jackson; 1815, Elihu Hyde; 1820, John Stearns; 1821, Elihu Hyde; 1826, John W. Smith; 1839, Amos S. Hatch; 1845, Foster Grow; 1848, Nathan G. Hale; 1849, John W. Smith; 1872, Burnam Martin; 1877, A. S. Austin; 1878, Burnam Martin; 1882, J. A. R. Corwin.

REPRESENTATIVES TO THE LEGISLATURE FROM 1791.

1791–2, Theophilus Huntington; 1793–4, Samuel Badger; 1795, Joshua Elderkin; 1796, Stephen Buhonon; 1797–8, Reuben Hatch; 1799–1800, Theophilus Huntington; 1801, Reuben Hatch; 1802, Theophilus Huntington; 1803, Josiah Dana; 1804, Elihu Hyde; 1805, Theophilus Huntington; 1806, Josiah Dana; 1807, Elisha Hotchkiss; 1808–9, Josiah Dana; 1810, Benjamin H. Oak; 1811–12–13, Elisha Hotchkiss; 1815, Elihu Hyde; 1816–22, D. Azro A. Buck; 1823, H. E. G. McLaughlin; 1824, Benjamin Rolfe; 1825–26, D. Azro A. Buck; 1827, H. E. G. McLaughlin; 1828, Harry Hale; 1829–30, D. Azro A. Buck; 1831, H. E. G. McLaughlin; 1832, Harry Hale; 1833–4–5, D. Azro A. Buck; 1836, Harry Hale; 1837–8–9, Thomas Winslow; 1840–43, Levi B. Vilas; 1845–6, Perley C. Jones; 1849–50–51, Elihu Hyde; 1853, Benjamin T.

Blodgett; 1854–5, Foster Grow; 1856, Harvey Lincoln; 1857, Burnam Martin; 1858–9, William Hebard; 1860–61, William F. Dickinson; 1862–3, Lyman G. Hinckley; 1864–5, William Hebard; 1866–7, Carlos Moore; 1868–69–70, Lyman G. Hinckley; 1872, William Hebard; 1874, Asa A. Goodwin; 1876, Burnam Martin; 1878, A. W. Whitney; 1880, Lyman G. Hinckley; 1882–4, Joseph P. Tracy.

THE CHURCHES.

The Congregational church was organized in 1789, in the presence of Rev. Isaiah Potter of Lebanon, N. H., Rev. Asa Burton of Thetford, and Rev. Stephen Fuller of Vershire, Mr. Fuller acting as moderator. There is no record as to the number of persons that at first united in forming the church, nor as to the place where the organization was effected. For the first ten years of the church's history there was no settled pastor. There was occasional preaching by ordained ministers, and when no ministers were at hand, sermons were read by lay members of the society, Deacon Samuel Lincoln being the most frequent reader. For several years religious meetings were held in various parts of the town,—in private dwelling-houses, in school houses, and in barns. Meetings for public religious worship were first regularly held in the hall in the public building standing near where the Hyde store now stands. Only the hall belonged to the town, but was used for a court room, and for other public uses. The main building was occupied as a tavern for many years, but has been frequently and improperly referred to as a court house. In 1811 a Christian society was organized, under the pastorate of

Rev. Frederick Plummer, before alluded to, and a dispute between the society and the Congregationalists about the use of the public hall, led to the building of a Congregational meeting house, the construction of which was begun in 1811, the contract being given to a Mr. Rice. His death caused a delay in building, but Nathan and Harry Hale undertook to finish and did finish the work, and the house was completed mainly at their risk, they relying on the sale of pews or slips for their remuneration, several of these slips or pews remaining on their hands up to a late period in my boyhood. The house was dedicated in September, 1813, having been completed in June of that year. The house was originally built as a two-story house, with wide galleries on three sides, pewed like the lower floor. It was a well proportioned building, and really one of the best and most imposing church edifices in the State at the time it was built. It has undergone several changes and repairs, the last change being quite radical. The society has constantly maintained public worship and is now in a most flourishing condition. Its first regularly installed pastor was Rev. Lathrop Thompson, who was installed November 20, 1799, in the hall of the old gambrel-roofed building before described. He was to receive a salary of $334, payable in wheat, rye or Indian corn, at cash prices, on the first day of January, annually. His pastorate continued but about six years, probably longer than the average pastorates of "settled" ministers of the present day. His successor was Rev. Calvin Noble, who was ordained pastor in 1807, his pastorate remaining till his death, in April, 1834 — about twenty-seven years. Mr. Noble was regarded as a very devoted minister, and much of the society's prosperity is attributable to his devotedly

Christian character. Rev. James Buckham was settled over the church as its pastor in February, 1835, and was dismissed in February, 1841. He was an able and well educated man. A native of Scotland, and educated in Scotland and England, his sermons were characterized by that accuracy and strength of diction so marked in well-trained English scholars. The successors to Mr. Buckham were: Rev. B. B. Newton, pastor from 1842 to 1846; Rev. Thomas S. Hubbard, pastor from 1849 to 1854; Rev. James C. Houghton, acting pastor from 1857 to 1865; Rev. S. M. Plimpton, acting pastor from January to September, 1866; Rev. William A. James, pastor from 1867 to 1869. Rev. Edward E. Herrick, the present pastor, was installed in 1871, and has already served a longer pastorate than any of his predecessors since the death of Mr. Noble. Graduated at the University at Burlington, trained at the Andover Theological School, teacher and principal of academies and high schools in Vermont and Massachusetts, preaching the gospel in various parts of New Hampshire and Vermont, leaving the ministry and the schools, he enlisted as a volunteer private in a Vermont regiment during the rebellion, promoted to a first lieutenanty, and having been honorably mustered out of the military service he returned to the gospel ministry. Such, very briefly stated, is the record of the present pastor of the Congregational church in Chelsea, a record honorable and well calculated to make a good citizen and a good minister.

THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

This church has a much briefer history. It was organized in 1825, and Chelsea was the central part of a cir-

cuit composed of the towns of Chelsea, Tunbridge, Royalton, Vershire, Corinth, Washington and Orange. In 1837 Chelsea became a station. The society occupied the court house until 1837, when the present church edifice was built on Main street. While Chelsea was a part of a circuit, the preacher in charge resided here, and preached in the court house, most of the time, local preachers, or licensed exhorters, supplying the other towns, principally. Some years two regular preachers were appointed to the circuit. The first preacher in charge was Rev. James Templeton, who remained here one year. The second preacher sent here by the conference was Rev. Thomas C. Pierce, who remained but one year, although there was a unanimous desire to have him stay another year. He had an aged father, residing near Boston, and he was desirous of being near him. The conference then extended over the greater part of New England. Mr. Pierce was a very accomplished preacher, and was the father of the Rev. Dr. Bradford K. Pierce, now and for many years editor of Zion's Herald at Boston. The court house then had a gallery on the west end of the large court room, and under Mr. Pierce's ministry and that of his immediate successor, the room, including gallery, was filled to its utmost capacity. Rev. John G. Dow, the successor to Mr. Pierce, remained two years, and proved one of the most successful pastors this or any other parish ever had. He hadn't quite the elegance of manner and grace of movements that his predecessor had, yet he was persuasive, logical and impressive as a preacher, and perhaps drew larger congregations than any other minister. Among the successors of Mr. Dow, I remember, as among the most popular and successful, Rev. Elisha J. Scott, Rev. Elihu Scott, Rev.

Nathan W. Scott, Rev. A. G. Button, Rev. S. P. Williams, Rev. John Currier, Rev. Eleazer Smith and Rev. Mr. Fairbanks. These were among the earlier preachers. The later ones are better known to the citizens now residing here than to me. Perhaps I ought to state that Elisha J. Scott, in manner and attractiveness of style, was one of the most popular of the preachers, ranking next to Pierce and Dow. Among the local preachers, who assisted the pastors sent by the conference, while Chelsea constituted a part of a circuit, were Warren F. Evans and Lewis S. Skinner. The first board of stewards, when the society in Chelsea was organized, consisted of William W. Waugh, Jacob Norris, George D. Stearns, Nicholas Gilman, David Hatch and Luther Thayer. The present house of worship was erected in 1837. The church has recently been materially repaired and improved, and its present audience room is very pleasant. The church is entirely free from debt, I understand, and bids fair to prosper more in the future than it has in the few years last past. Rev. J. E. Knapp is the present pastor. The society owns a substantial two-story brick building, which it occupies as a parsonage. It was purchased in 1860.

I have in my possession plans and subscriptions of both Congregational and Methodist church edifices, drawn up by Harry Hale, who although a devoted Congregationalist, was too catholic in spirit not to aid in building up another Christian denomination. He aided in various ways the Methodist society in its early struggles, believing that two Christian societies of differing denominations were needed to meet the demands of a community, made up of various shades of opinion, and of different tastes and habits as to the modes of public worship. At the same

time he abated not a whit from his usual contributions to the church of his choice.

I have in my possession a list of graduates in our colleges, who have been or are now residents here, and who were born in or entered college from this town. The list numbers between forty and fifty, and may not be complete. I also have a list of the volunteer soldiers, who enlisted in the Union army during the late civil war, or who furnished substitutes when drafted. The list is honorable to the town, and numbers 198 in all, probably nearly or quite one half the number of its legal voters.

I have now to glance back at some of the early settlers of Chelsea and to refer briefly to some of her sons who have done honor to themselves and the town of their birth or adoption. To a number of these I have already referred in my reference to the early records. Among the early settlers whose names appear in the recorded transactions of the town, were Stephen Bohonon and Reuben Hatch, both of whom disappeared after actively participating in the public affairs of the town,— Stephen Bohonon removing to Washington, as I have been informed, and Reuben Hatch going back to Norwich, from which town he came to Chelsea. Mr. Hatch belonged to a large and respectable family in Norwich, the late Dr. Horace Hatch of Burlington and J. D. Hatch, recently mayor of that city for six or seven consecutive years, were relatives, and Dr. Thomas E. Hatch, postmaster at Keene under President Lincoln's administration, is his grandson.

Stephen Bohonon had an older brother, Ananiah, whose name does not appear in the town records, but who lived here many years and died here. Him I remember well. Both brothers were men of superior natural tal-

ents. Their father, Andrew Bohonon, married a sister of Judge Ebenezer Webster, father of Daniel Webster, and consequently the Chelsea Bohonons were first cousins to the great statesman. Ebenezer Webster headed a company of volunteers in an expedition to Bennington and was at the battle near that town, August 16, 1777. In this company was the father of the Bohonons, as lieutenant, his sons Ananiah and Stephen serving in the same company as privates. The Websters and the Bohonons resided in Salisbury, N. H., now Franklin. Judge Nesmith of that place has written an interesting letter, in this connection, which may be found following this address. I will give an incident or two illustrating the ready wit of Ananiah Bohonon. "Tom Emerson," as the once rich president of the old Windsor State Bank was familiarly called, once accosted him thus: "Major 'Niah, don't you wish you were Tom Emerson?" "Uh!" replied Bohonon, "bad enough to be myself!" On another occasion Mr. Emerson asked him why he talked to himself so much. "Two reasons," replied Bohonon: "I like to talk to a sensible man, and the other reason is, I like to hear a man of sense talk."

Thomas Jones was always a conspicuous figure in Chelsea, not by reason of any ambitious proclivities, for he had little ambition, caring little for office or for preferment of any kind. He graduated from Dartmouth college in 1799, and soon afterwards came to Chelsea, where he established himself as a lawyer, in which profession he was very successful, having acquired a handsome property by it. No man in the town, and I doubt if there were any in the State who were better read in English and American history and politics, or in general English literature. His ready command of language was remarkable.

In public religious meetings and in his ordinary conversations with his friends and neighbors, this was strikingly manifested. He was twice associate justice of the county court in 1834 and 1836, and in 1822 he was a delegate to the constitutional convention. He died here in 1860, at the age of 81. I should add that he married the widow of Perley Chandler, a brother to Josiah Dana's first wife, by whom he had one son, Perley Chandler Jones, who graduated at Amherst college, filled the offices of probate judge, representative to the Legislature, county clerk and various important positions in town. He was educated a lawyer, but engaged in mercantile pursuits. He died some years ago, as did also his wife, who was a daughter of Judge George E. Wales of Hartford. But one of their children survive them — a daughter.

Judge Josiah Dana was born in Barre, Mass., a son of a Congregational clergyman, and was a merchant in Chelsea until his death in 1840, at the age of 67. His first wife was Lucy Chandler of Pomfret, Ct., sister of Perley Chandler, by whom he had a daughter, who married Russell Jarvis, a relative of the late Consul William Jarvis of Weathersfield. Mrs. Jarvis and two children were drowned while on a Long Island steamer, on their way to New York, leaving a daughter, Caroline, who made it her home with her grandfather, Judge Dana. She married Mr. John H. Uhl, both now living in Yonkers, N. Y. Few men in Chelsea manifested a more marked character than Josiah Dana. In politics and religion he was "liberal," hating intolerance and begotry, and yet he was not without prejudice. For several years he was chief justice for Orange county before that office was abolished. He represented the town in the Legislature four years, and was always a leading and prominent

citizen in all the public affairs of the town. I may here add that in 1828 he was a presidential elector on the John Quincy Adams ticket. His second wife was Desire Lathrop of Sharon.

Daniel Buck was born in Connecticut, but removed to Norwich, this State, where he practised law, and was elected to Congress, serving but one term of two years, and not two terms as put down in the printed accounts. He served in the army of the Revolution, and lost an arm in the battle of Bennington. He subsequently removed to Chelsea, where he died. He had eleven children, the eldest of whom was D. Azro A. Buck.

Daniel Azro Ashley Buck was probably the most popular man that ever lived in Chelsea, and one of the most popular in the State. He was born in Norwich, Vt., April 19, 1789. He graduated at Middlebury college in 1807, and subsequently at West Point. He entered the United States army as a lieutenant, but resigned in 1811; was reappointed captain, serving in the thirty-first regiment United States infantry during the war of 1812 with England. The commander of his regiment was Col. Hamilton, whom I met in Louisiana, and who informed me that Martin Van Buren was the unsuccessful rival of Lieutenant Buck for the appointment of captain, the selection or choice depending on the colonel, who seemed to have been charmed by young Buck's appearance, and being influenced, no doubt, by his military education at West Point. Mr. Buck established himself in Chelsea, in 1816, as a lawyer, and here he soon rose to the front rank in his profession. He was elected some fourteen times to the Legislature, and generally with little or no opposition. He was elected to Congress twice,—not three times, as erroneously stated in the books,—serving from

1823 to 1825, and from 1827 to 1829. At the Congressional election in 1826, Col. Buck received all the votes but one cast in Chelsea, James Bell of Walden receiving that one. He was chosen many times speaker of the House of Representatives, when in the Legislature, and had the reputation of being one of the best presiding officers in New England. He married, I believe, a daughter of Phineas Dodge, who kept the hotel that stood on the ground where the present hotel stands, and had several children, three of whom I remember, two daughters, Betsey and Caroline, and one son, Daniel, who for many years was a clerk in the House of Representatives at Washington. All the children are now dead. Col. Buck removed to Washington, where he died poor.

Nathan and Harry Hale came to this town in 1807 from Windsor. They were brothers in trade at Windsor, under the firm name of N. & H. Hale. They were born in Rindge, N. H. Harry was brought up a farmer, and Nathan learned the watch and clock making trade of a Mr. Hassam of Charlestown, N. H. When they came to Chelsea, they entered into mercantile pursuits, Nathan returning to his trade, made what then were called "time-pieces." Both kept tavern, Harry but a short time, but Nathan owned and kept the hotel near where Lyman G. Hinckley's house now stands for many years, while his brother continued in trade, which he finally abandoned, it not agreeing with his health to be confined to the store. "Hale & Dickinson" was for many years the name of his firm, Judge Joshua Dickinson being his partner. Hale & Dickinson built the store now occupied by J. A. R. Corwin, the first brick building in town. In a genealogical history of the Grant family, the author, Rev. Abner Morse, thus writes of Harry Hale:

"Esquire Hale has been no office seeker, but has been much sought for office. In 1807 (the year he came to Chelsea) he was urged by members of the Legislature from Orange county to accept the office of sheriff, but he utterly refused in deference to older residents of the county. In 1814 he accepted the appointment (then made by the Legislature). By the town of Chelsea he was chosen very many times lister, selectman, treasurer, justice of the peace, overseer of the poor, grand juror, trustee of the United States surplus fund, and, in 1828, 1832 and 1836, representative to the Legislature. In 1832 and subsequently he was appointed clerk of the supreme and county court for Orange county, and the same year chosen by the Legislature a bank commissioner, and by annual elections continued in this responsible office for five years. At the organization of the Mutual Fire Insurance Company of Orange county, in 1840, he was chosen a director and held the office ten years, serving as president the last five years. He has long been a life director of the American Bible society, actively engaged with other benevolent institutions, and held a high place in the regards of good men and the public at large."

Possessing but a moderate fortune he was abel by wise economy to rear and educate thirteen children, bringing them up meanwhile to habits of industry, believing that these and a good education were better than material wealth, with which to start on the journey of life. He died June 2, 1861, at the age of 81 years. His father (Nathan Hale) was a merchant at Rindge prior to the Revolutionary war. He was captain of a company of minute men, and immediately after the fight at Concord and Lexington he was summoned to repair

at once with his company to the headquarters of the Continental army. In less than twenty-four hours he and his company (fifty-four in number) were armed and equipped, ready to march. The company comprised more than one-third of the adult male population of the town. He was subsequently promoted to the office of major, lieutenant-colonel and colonel, and before he died (at the age of 37) he commanded the third New Hampshire regiment. His mother was Abigail Grout, sister to Jonathan Grout, a prominent lawyer of Massachusetts, and a member of the first Congress of the United States with John Adams, Caleb Strong, Elbridge Gerry and Fisher Ames. His first wife was Phebe Adams, daughter of a Rindge farmer, who died in January, 1815. His second wife was Lucinda Eddy, daughter of Ephraim Eddy of Woodstock. She, with her mother and two sisters, and her brother, Safford Eddy, was living in Chelsea, in the ell part of the house subsequently and successively owned and occupied by Levi Fullam, Jason Steele and Lement Bacon, now all deceased. Safford Eddy, whose name appears in the early town records, in connection with the public business, was a merchant in Chelsea, who died young. He was greatly beloved by all classes of people and was a popular Free Mason. His head-stone in the old burying ground, covered with Masonic emblems, many times attracted the attention of my boyhood.

Of Harry Hale's thirteen children seven are now living, six sons and one daughter. Of these it becomes me not to speak. The sons are all known to many of you. Robert S. Hale, who died in December, 1881, would have been your orator to-day were he now living and well. He anticipated with much pleasure this centennial

occasion, and proposed to make a liberal contribution toward defraying its expenses. George William Curtis, editor of Harper's Weekly, who was associated with him on the board of regents of the New York University, and who knew him intimately, pays the following tribute to his memory in his paper, soon after his death:

[From Harper's Weekly, December 24, 1881.]

"In the death of Robert S. Hale the State loses one of its most valuable citizens, and his friends a most charming companion. Mr. Hale's fine and alert mind, his retentive memory and delightful cultivation, his joyous temperament and manly courage and independence, combined to make a singularly attractive man. His *bonhomie*, which sprang from a sincere friendliness of nature and enjoyment of social sympathy, and which overflowed in lively jest and flashing repartee, and apt quotation and allusion, never betrayed him into pusillanimity and weakness. In public as in private life it distinguished him, but in both it left his self-reliance unimpaired. Mr. Hale was an admirably accomplished lawyer, and his quickness and accuracy and thoroughness were remarkable. Indeed, the variety and fullness of his powers and life were such that there is a peculiar sense of bereavement in his death. He had been ill for two years, and he knew the probable issue. But he did not relax his hold upon his old interests, even when his personal activity was necessarily suspended. For some years, and since his retirement from Congress, he had been withdrawn from public prominence. But his wise influence was constantly felt in the board of regents of the University, and his place in that board will not be easily supplied.

Such men are the treasures of a State, and to keep their memory green is to strengthen and stimulate the public virtue, upon which the true prosperity of the commonwealth depends."

The father, the two mothers, and two daughters sleep in the old burying ground by the branch. One daughter, by the first wife, Louisa, the wife of the Rev. Elihu Scott, died but a few weeks ago, at her home in Hampton, N. H., where her husband had retired after a successful gospel ministry of more than half a century. She had lived a married life of fifty-four years, during all of which time she was an active Christian worker.

Nathan Hale died in Chelsea, January 10, 1849, at the age of 77 years. His extreme deafness was quite an embarrassment to him, yet he was a very successful business man, having acquired quite a handsome property. He had five children — three sons and two daughters — Nathan G. Hale, for some time a merchant in Chelsea, afterward and now a dentist at Windsor, being the only survivor. He is the son by his father's third wife, who was a Miss Black of Barre, Mass.

But I must not forget Michael Hatch, whom I barely remember in my childhood. He was father of David Hatch and Ascenith Hatch, the latter a famous teacher in Chelsea whom I well remember. "Uncle Mike," as the elder Hatch was called, had that famous encounter with Gov. Martin Chittenden, of which we all have so often heard,— all about "turning out" when the snow was very deep.* Samuel Hatch was a grandson, and Rev. Frank S. Hatch, a Congregational minister, is a great-grandson.

* See Appendix.

Amos S. Hatch, who has been an honored citizen here, and is still living among you, came to the town in 1819; first a clerk with Hale & Dickinson, for a short time, then learned the trade of saddle and harness-maker of his uncle, Capt. Ephraim Hatch, whom I well remember as a thrifty bachelor, a man of intelligence, who had acquired considerable property, whose shop was in the building just above the hotel, used now, I think, as a store of some kind. Amos S. Hatch's father was Gilbert Hatch of Northfield, who had six brothers, of whom Capt. Ephraim was the youngest.

Daniel Jackson, before referred to, was an intimate friend of Capt. Ephraim Hatch — brother bachelors together. He was a decided Jackson politician when it required courage to be a Jackson man in New England. He lived to a good old age and died in Chelsea.

There were several Hatch families in Chelsea — not all of the same connection. "Yellow and Black Jo" were the familiar application of two Joseph Hatches, cousins to each other. Yellow Jo was an uncle of Amos S. Hatch. John Hatch, on the West Hill, I well remember, and Harry Hatch, on the East Hill, I knew better than all of that name, except "Capt. Eph."

Nathan Davis, on the West Hill, I remember as a thrifty farmer, and father of the late Aaron Davis and grandfather of Rev. William H. Davis, now a Congregational minister, settled in Detroit, Mich.

Lement Bacon came to Chelsea in 1825, from Southbridge, Mass., and bought and kept the Dodge hotel, situated where the present hotel stands, keeping the hotel till May, 1834. He then went into trade with Elihu Hyde, Jason Steele and A. Tinker, under the firm name of A. Tinker & Co. After a few years he retired from

mercantile business. In 1840 he became president of the second chartered State bank in Chelsea, where he remained through all its chartered existence. His children were Christopher, Lement, John B., Dana and Charles, sons — three daughters, Sarah, Mary and Elizabeth, all living, so far as known, but Lement, the eldest, who died in Texas.

Among the elderly citizens whom I have a pleasant remembrance of in my childhood, are Capt. Daniel Wyman, Capt. Wilder Dearborn and H. E. G. McLaughlin. H. E. G. McLaughlin came to Chelsea in 1811, from New Boston, N. H., where he was born in 1771. In 1812 he was appointed county clerk and held that position for twenty-one years. He was twice a delegate to the constitutional convention, and three times elected a representative to the Legislature. He was for many years first constable of the town, and during his presidency over freemen's meetings he would display those traits of wit and humor for which he was remarkable. I will give a sample or two. An old gentleman stood near the desk of the court house where the ballots were being taken, looking intently at his ballot, trying to read it. When McLaughlin's eye caught him, he exclaimed: "Don't stand there like a goose peeking into a jug; hand your vote to me and I'll read it for you." At another time, when D. Azro A. Buck was a candidate for town representative, and nearly everybody seemed to be voting for him, McLaughlin seeing a crowd of men standing back at a distance from the place where the votes were deposited, cried out: "Forward your votes, gentlemen, for D. Azro A. Buck!" He possessed a quick and passionate temper, but it was soon over. He was an excellent neighbor and citizen, and very competent in the

offices he filled. He died in Chelsea, March 9, 1847. His grandson, Napoleon Bonaparte McLaughlin, distinguished himself in the late civil war, and attained the rank of general.

Capt. Daniel Wyman is one of the most pleasant objects of my remembrance. He was a great favorite with the boys. His snow-white head of hair, his pleasant, smiling countenance, his kindly words of greeting, always secured for him their most profound respect. He was a carpenter by trade, and of course was successful in business. His children are all prosperous and highly respected. Thomas Winslow Wyman settled in Stanstead, P. Q., in or about 1841, and still resides there highly respected. John Wyman, his second son, went to Des Moines, the capital of Iowa, some twenty years ago; since and for most of the time he was in the dry goods business. A few years ago he sold out, and assisted in the organization of the Des Moines National Bank, having the largest capital of any bank in the State. Of this bank he is president. He is also president of the New England Loan and Trust Company at Des Moines. Both institutions are doing a large and profitable business, and their president is held in high esteem. Charles Wyman, third son, is at St. Albans, in the jewelry business, having one of the largest and best assortment of goods in that line in the State of Vermont. He is or has been deacon in the Congregational church at St. Albans, and is esteemed as one of the best citizens of that town. He went to St. Albans in 1847. George D. Wyman, fourth son, has been in the custom house at Derby Line for twenty years, the right man in the right place. Being a Democrat, repeated attempts have been made to dis-

place him for aspirants for the place, but without avail, so acceptable to both government and people has he proved to be. Of the three daughters, one has recently died on the West Hill. She was the daughter by his first wife, for Capt. Wyman was twice married. Another daughter, the widow of the late Foster Grow, is now living on the old homestead, nearly a mile east of the village. Another and the third daughter, Mrs. M. Almira Morris, lived many years in Lawrence, Mass., but is now residing at Des Moines, Iowa. I am not informed as to the year when Capt. Wyman came to Chelsea, but he came when he was 21 years of age. He died in 1870.

Capt. Wilder Dearborn was another of the prominent men of my boyhood acquaintance, and I distinctly remember his erect and military bearing, and his prompt and quick step when he walked. I was present when he was chosen captain of the Chelsea Light Infantry company. He was an active and benevolent citizen, a friend of the poor and oppressed, and always ready to lend a helping hand when needed. His son Frank lives at the old homestead and I believe is a thrifty farmer, and another son, Hamilton W., is a prosperous house carpenter, living on Main street, not far from the Methodist church. It is more than fifty years since I have lived in Chelsea, or visited the town long enough to keep up the acquaintance of its people. But there are names of which I have pleasant recollections. Dr. Ralph Kilbourne, Foster Grow and his father, Peter Grow, who made the handsomest boot of any man in his day, and who could mow the handsomest swarth in the hay field. Then there was Elijah Shaw, a burlay farmer on the East Hill, a son of

whom, Dr. Shaw, I met in Alabama, forty-six years ago, reputed to be one of the most capable business men of the State.

Speaking of Capt. Dearborn, and the Chelsea Light Infantry company, I am reminded of the Allens,— Erastus Allen and his son, D. Henry B., and Stephen Fogg, the two former now deceased, the latter now living on the West Hill. They were musicians in the said light infantry, and I once *drummed* with them. I had the pleasure, a month ago, of seeing Mr. Fogg and talking over old times with him. He is now over 88 years old. He came to Chelsea in 1816.* Then there were the Hoods, Sailor Amos and Carpenter Amos, the first named wearing his cue braided from his hair hanging down his back, possibly a habit which he had taken from the Chinese, when he "sailed around the world." Carpenter Amos Hood came to Chelsea with his four brothers in 1794 and died in 1842. His brothers were Thomas, Nathan, Nathaniel and Enos. Amos R. (now deceased) and Ira were among his sons. Ira is now living in Chelsea, and William, son of Amos R. and grandson of Carpenter Amos, is now keeping one of the best drug stores in the county, in the old Blake brick building, just south of the hotel. The proprietor of the world-wide known Sarsaparilla is also a son of Amos R. Hood, and I learn has taken an interest in this centennial. Deacon Harvey Hood, whom I well remember, was a son of Enos Hood, and Gilbert T. was a son of Deacon Harvey, a good lawyer and educator at Lawrence, Mass. Sailor Amos came to Chelsea with two brothers, Abraham and Ezra. He made trays and boxes besides carrying on his farm.

* Mr. Fogg has since died.

Jason Steele came to this town from Randolph, and was the first cashier of the Orange County Bank. He removed to Windsor in 1848, to become the cashier of the new bank there. He graduated at Dartmouth college, and was a lawyer by profession. He died at Windsor in 1878 at the age of 89 years. His wife died soon after him. Three daughters are now living,—Harriet, the eldest, in Canada (St. Catherine, P. Q.), married to De Los Beadle; Ellen S., unmarried; and Caroline, married to Mr. Henry Wardner, the two last named now living in Springfield, Mass. He had two sons, George and Charles, who died in early manhood.

I must go back again to ye olden time, and speak of Col. Fry Bailey, who married the widowed mother of Harry Hale's second wife, the mother of Safford Eddy and his three sisters, with whom he lived. He was high sheriff of the county for a number of years prior to 1800. He was colonel in the Revolutionary war, and was at the battle of Saratoga, when Burgoyne and his army were captured. He was a great reader, and was accustomed to take me and a younger brother on his knees and tell us war and other stories. He was a great admirer of the Duke of Wellington and the English, and ranked them far superior to Napoleon and the French.

Deacon Samuel Lincoln (or Linkon as he at first spelled the name), the first Deacon in the Congregational church, was born in Connecticut and came from Windham, that State, in February, 1788, with his children, his wife having previously died. His children were Eleazer, Oshea, Shubal, Levi, Mary, Betsey, Achsea and Phebe. He first settled on the farm where Houston Fitts now lives, on the West Hill. He died in 1800. The last survivor of this pioneer settler's children was Lavina

Lincoln, who died in Chelsea, November, 1883, at the age of 99 years. She had a remarkably retentive memory, and it is said had committed to memory many of Dr. Watt's hymns. Coming to the breakfast table she remarked: "Just ninety-two years ago this morning there was a very severe frost that completely destroyed all the crops, the products of the second harvest after the settlement of the town." I remember a son, Samuel Lincoln, who, very early in the settlement of the town, was in the habit of amusing himself and neighbors in narrating wonderful adventures. He and others were in the habit of meeting in the store or some public place and engaging in telling or listening to these narrations, and he who could tell the most improbable story was deemed the victor. Mr. Thomas Moore was his principal competitor. The stories were innocent, in one particular, they were never intended to deceive any one, and no one was ever deceived by them. Some of these stories would do credit to that celebrated German story teller, Baron Munchhausen.* Harvey Lincoln, a grandson, moved into the village where he opened a store. He represented the town in the Legislature. He died within the past year.

John Stearns came to Chelsea when young from Barre, Mass., being a son of John Stearns of that town. He came as clerk to Josiah Dana, and afterwards was a partner of his for many years. He afterwards went into trade alone. He was postmaster from the time he was 21 years old up to within two years of his death at the age of 54 years, holding the office for thirty-one years. During all this time he scrupulously refrained from using the government frank for himself or family, or for any of his

* See Appendix.

private business. He had the reputation of being an honest man. His wife was Elizabeth Chandler of Pomfret, Ct. He left three children, George, John C. and Caroline, the latter the wife of Edward C. Redington, now living with John C. Stearns of Bradford. George Stearns died in Wisconsin, many years ago. Edward C. Redington's father came to Chelsea in 1798; was a partner of Judge Dana for two years, under the firm of "Redington & Dana." E. C. Redington came to Chelsea in 1835 and became a partner of Josiah Dana under the firm name of "Dana & Redington." He subsequently went to St. Johnsbury where he was cashier of the bank for many years. He has buried three daughters, and has one son living in Chicago. His son, Edward Dana Redington, was graduated from Dartmouth college.

Gen. Benjamin Rolfe came to Chelsea about the year 1800, from Hopkinton, N. H., and purchased a farm on the West Hill, where he lived many years and died. He held many important offices. He was a gentleman of the old school. One of his daughters married the late Rufus H. Hyde, who and his wife recently died, leaving a son now in trade in the old "corner store," Edward R. Hyde. One daughter is now living in Lebanon, the widow of the late Alden Chamberlain of South Royalton. The sons of Gen. Rolfe were Calvin, Benjamin, Jr., and Charles.

Levi Fullam came to Chelsea about the year 1803 from Fitzwilliam, N. H. He was an extensive tanner, and acquired considerable property. He had nine children, four of whom are living, Mrs. Sally Austin of Lowell, Mass., Charles Fullam of Strafford, Mrs. Mary Tracy of Norwich, and Mrs. Harriet Hall of Detroit, Mich.

Deacon Joel Tinker was a much respected citizen of Chelsea. He was brother of Joseph T. Buckingham, for

many years a distinguished and able editor of the Boston Daily Courier, probably the most independent journal then in New England. The brother's name was originally Joseph Tinker, he having added the Buckingham. Joel Tinker was a cabinet maker and lived on the west side of Main street not a great way north of the hotel. He had several sons and daughters. Of the sons I remember Sykes, John and Almarin, the latter now living at St. Albans, where for many years he has been in the employ of the Central Vermont railroad. I have not been able to obtain the information I wished of this family, but I can say from my own knowledge that Joel Tinker was one of the best citizens of Chelsea, an intelligent, conscientious man, and a good Christian. One of his daughters married Mr. Evans, a clergyman, and others married, but I am unable to place them. A grandson, and a son of Sykes Tinker, now lives at White River Junction as station and general ticket agent for the Central Vermont railroad. His father, I think, is living in Kentucky now.

Hon. William Hebard came to Chelsea from Randolph in 1845, and entered into the practice of his profession as a lawyer. He was elected twice to Congress and several times to the State Legislature. He was for several years a judge of the supreme court, and held several other offices of trust. He died here in 1875, his wife having died in 1870. His son, Salmon B. Hebard, now resides here in the practice of law. He has just been elected to the State Senate from this county.

Benjamin Perkins lived in Chelsea more than seventy years ago. His first wife was Louis True. Their children were Eben, David, Enoch and Betsey. His second wife was a Mrs. Wheatley. Their children were Louis

T., John, Mary, Benjamin and Lucinda. Betsey married David Gilman, Louis T. married Eddy Tracy, Mary married Ezra Prentice, and Lucinda married Solomon Coburn. Lucinda is now the only survivor.

There was another Perkins family, living some two miles north of the Green, in what was called the Lathrop district. One of the daughters married a Mr. Miller, who, I believe, gave the name to a sect called Millerites by his active leadership. A son, John W. Perkins, was a respectable clergyman, who died in Boston much lamented by all denominations.

Richard Hazen Little came to Chelsea eighty years ago. He married Ruth Coffin, both born in New Hampshire. Their children were Charlotte, who married Isaac Emerson (deceased), now living in Chelsea; Benjamin (deceased); Seaver, a doctor (deceased); Richard H., Jr.; Betsey, who married Henry Godfrey, both living in Chelsea; Henry; Dudley; Emeline; Mary, who married Stephen M. Kimball, now living in Chelsea; Juliette, who married Rev. Norman Clark, both deceased; Roxana, who married Rev. Mr. Mason, deceased, and afterwards married Josiah Douglass, deceased, and is now living with a son abroad. This was a large and respectable family. They were intelligent and lived some two miles north of the village, with many of whom I was somewhat acquainted in my boyhood, having taught my first school in their district when 17 years old.

Ichabod Bixby, a prominent farmer on the West Hill, was 3 years old when his father came to Chelsea, in 1797. He had ten children, one daughter, Sarah, who married Rev. Francis D. Hemenway, late of the Garrett Biblical Institute at Evanston, Ill. Two sons are living in Plattsburg, N. Y., one of whom is editor of the Platts-

burg Republican. Rev. Francis D. Hemenway was born in Chelsea and before his recent death had greatly distintinguished himself in scholarship. He was born in 1830 and died at Evanston in April, 1884. At his funeral services, Rev. Dr. Ninde, now Bishop Ninde, said of him: "The characteristics of such a man can not be summed up in a brief paragraph. His intellect was penetrating, incisive and luminous. He seized truth with the promptness of intuition, and developed it in the orderly methods of the most rigorous logic." The Northwestern University honored him with the degree of Doctor of Divinity. He continually grew in intellect and scholarship as he grew in years. He was a constant student through his whole mature life.

Stephen Vincent came to Chelsea from Plainfield, Vt., in 1831, as a carriage and sleigh maker. He married Phebe Adams, daughter of Harry Hale, by whom he had nine children, six of whom are now living, one son and five daughters. His wife died in 1856. The son, Dr. Walter S. Vincent, was educated a physician, and served in the Union army as a surgeon during the late civil war. He now resides in Burlington, and is proprietor of one of the best drug stores in the State. He has been elected alderman several times by the citizens of his ward. The daughters are all married but one, one of whom (Ann Eliza) is the wife of Dr. S. N. Goss of Chelsea. Mr. Vincent married for his second wife Mrs. Mary A. Taft of Barre, Vt., who is now living in Burlington. Mr. Vincent died in Chelsea, October 29, 1883. He held several offices of trust in Chelsea, and was much respected, always providing liberally for the support and education of his children and for many years held the office of steward in the Methodist Episcopal church, in which, as

well as in the community at large, he invariably counselled for peace and harmony. His other daughters are Louise, the wife of Mr. Newell of Somerville, Mass.; Gratia, unmarried, living in Boston, and Mary, the wife of Mr. Goodrich of Bismarck, Dacota Territory.

Jacob Norris lived in the east part of the town near the Vershire line, when I was a boy, and I remember him in later years as a prominent citizen, who took an interest in town affairs, and who sometimes presided over town meetings, and was intrusted with various offices of responsibility. He removed to the village and became the sexton of the town, a position which he held for more than twenty years, having assisted in burying about 600 persons. He died on the third day of last August at the age of a little over 80 years.

There are many more families whom I should like to mention, if but briefly,— many worthy sons of Chelsea,— had I the needed information and the time necessary for the performance of so pleasant a duty. Among these is Hon. Joshua Dickinson, long since deceased, once and for many years a partner in trade with Harry Hale, as before mentioned. He filled many offices of honor and trust, and his sons I remember only to respect. William F., now living in Aurora, Ill., once an active business man in Chelsea, who filled responsible positions in town, and Frank, now a deputy sheriff, I think, and jailor, and an efficient citizen in the town's affairs. Joshua, who died in the West, was a schoolmate of mine at the old Montpelier academy, we boarding with two other Chelsea boys, Chauncey McClure, a son of Dr. John McClure, and Philander Woodward, a son of Henry Woodward, now all deceased. Dr. Thomas Winslow, very near-sighted, like myself, is well and pleasantly remembered, both as

citizen and family physician. Dr. John McClure, who had better eyes and a more erect and quicker walk, who could tell a good story, or crack a joke, two of whose sons are dead, but one son, Frank (William F.), and a daughter, Aurora, are now living in Montpelier, Frank being in the grocery trade and his sister living with him. Another son, Joseph McClure, is a physician at Beaver Dam, Wisconsin. Elliot McClure, an older son, lived for many years and died in New Orleans. For a long time he was connected with the New Orleans Daily Picayune and subsequently with the Daily Times of that city. Chauncey, before referred to as my schoolmate at Montpelier, emigrated to Texas and died there. The eldest son of Dr. Thomas Winslow, I am here reminded, was a printer, and familiarly known as Dana Winslow. He was at one time connected with the press of Montreal and subsequently with the Burlington Sentinel, this State. I think the children of Dr. Winslow are all dead.

There were living on the West Hill David Goodwin, David Wiggin, Abel Densmore and Calvin Clark, who are remembered as thrifty farmers, active, capable citizens, but I have little information concerning their families. Chester Clark, who keeps a hotel in Montpelier, is a son of Calvin Clark, I think. Then there was Deacon Ebenezer Smith, living on the West Hill, whose bright, smiling face I well remember. And on the East Hill I would not omit to mention Daniel and David Fuller, some of whose children now live here. A daughter, Fanny, has given me valuable information concerning Chelsea families. A son, Edwin, is now living in this village.

Among the sons of Chelsea who have spent much of their mature lives far away from town, I may state that

John Young was born in the southeastern part of the town in 1802, but moved to western New York, and was elected governor of the Empire State, in 1846, over Silas Wright. He was the Whig candidate, and was elected by a combination of "Anti-Renters" and "Old Hunkers." He had served two years in the General Assembly of the State, and two terms in Congress before he was elected governor. He resided in Geneseo, Livingston county, and had a son who was deputy clerk of the Court of Appeals in Albany.

Alden Speare, born on the old Blodgett farm on the East Hill, has made a fortune as a commission merchant in Boston, and is now in business in that city. He resides in Newton, of which city he has been twice elected mayor. He recently gave $40,000 to Boston University, to found a professorship in that institution. He has a brother, Rev. S. Lewis B. Speare, who graduated from Dartmouth college and who is now pastor of the Congregational church in Middlebury. His father moved to Corinth where he died. His mother then moved to Chelsea, and bought and occupied the Buck place, where Hyde Cabot now lives and where she resided till her death in 1848.

I may say that Chelsea has given to the University of Vermont its present president, Matthew Henry Buckham. Although not born here, he lived here during his father's honorable pastorate of the Congregational church. Thomas Scott Buckham, brother of President Buckham, was born here, and after graduating at the University of Vermont, went to Minnesota, where he won an enviable reputation as a lawyer, and is now honored by a seat on the bench of one of the higher courts of the State.

Daniel Hildreth lived in my first school district, near the Perkinses and the Littles. He was descended from a good Puritan ancestry, in which he and his family took much pride. A son, A. B. F. Hildreth, was a pupil of my first school. He became a printer by trade and published a paper at Bradford, which was Whig in politics, but subsequently assumed the character of "Independent." He removed to Iowa, where he established a newspaper and printing office, in which, I learn, he was successful. He is now president of the Floyd County Savings Bank in Charles City, Iowa. A daughter is now living in Corinth, the wife of Lyman Porter. She has an only child, John L. Porter, who graduated at St. Johnsbury academy, in 1883, and is now a clerk in the Littleton, N. H., National Bank. Daniel Hildreth died at the old homestead in 1858, at the age of 75 years.

Rufus Lathrop, reputed a well-to-do farmer, lived in the same school district. He was a prominent citizen and figured in the public transactions of the town. Samuel Esterbrook lived not far from Mr. Lathrop and is remembered by his obesity, his weight being over 300 pounds. He was somewhat famous for being a lover of sweet cake and cream, bowlsful of which would furnish his regular meals. Rufus and Ira Case, sons of a hard-working, industrious farmer, the former a graduate of the University of Vermont and an able clergyman, now living in retirement in Massachusetts, the latter (Ira) graduating at Amherst college.

Then there were Anson, Amos, Charles, Lucius and William Howes, all active and prominent in town affairs. Lucius died in Lowell, Mass., where a widowed daughter, Abigail, now resides, and William died in Keene, N. H., ten years ago, where a son, John W., now

resides. A widowed sister, Mrs. Walker, who married a son of the late Dyer Walker of the West Hill, now resides in Chelsea. There were the Emersons, Samuel, Isaac and Jonathan are the names that most readily occur to me. Benjamin Hart, whom I remember as living in the small wooden house back of Hood's drug store, with his sons Joseph, George and Lester. The father was a butcher, and the porcine animals he slew were almost countless. And who remembers the blind Belcher, with his tame bear? His figure haunts me now. And Oramel Chandler, the son of Perley Chandler and step-son of Judge Thomas Jones, and Elihu Norton, who for many years lived a near neighbor to Chandler on Main street. Mr. Norton I knew as a stage proprietor, and as a leader of the Congregational choir of singers. There were Daniel Tarbell, Senior, and Rev. Micaiah Coburn. Phineas Dodge, the hotel keeper, and his two sons, Joseph and Harry, who haunt my memory, but I was too young to know them well enough to record their peculiarities.

Lathrop Thompson Noble, son of Rev. Calvin Noble, I remember as an intelligent young man, who died early in life of consumption, a disease that afflicted the whole family. An elder brother, Rev. Calvin Noble, graduated at Middlebury college, and was a successful pastor of the Congregational church in Springfield, this State, where he was much respected and loved. He died early. There is one member of the Noble family, I think, still living—William.

Amplius Blake was born in Swanzey, N. H., and came to Chelsea at an early period of its settlement. He was very successful in business and had at one time the reputation of being the richest man in the county. He built

the brick building just south of the hotel, which he long occupied as a store. He died in 1855, at the age of 77, having had eight children, two daughters of whom are still living, one the wife of Erastus Hubbard of Montpelier, and one who married Gen. James S. Peck, who recently died at Loon Lake, among the Adirondacks. The Barneses — John, Buel and Joel being the names most prominent in my mind, all prominent citizens in town. John T. and Raymond Hale, sons of Nathan Hale, were well-known citizens, John T. dying in Iowa, while living with his children. Two sons and a daughter, recently married, are now living in Iowa. Raymond also died in the West. His son, Oscar Hale, graduated at Dartmouth college, and subsequently distinguished himself in the late civil war. He entered the sixth Vermont regiment as captain of a company raised in and about Troy, Vt. He was successively promoted to be major and lieutenant colonel and commanded the regiment during the latter part of the war. He was in all the hard-fought battles in Virginia, and won the reputation of being one of the bravest of the Vermont brigade. During his first three years of honorable service he received but a slight bullet wound in the hip. After being honorably mustered out of service at the close of the war, he joined a party of Vermont friends in the northern part of the State and went to Buenas Ayres, South America, and there died of cholera while engaged in sheep-raising.

But before closing my rambling glances at the sons of Chelsea, I must not omit Capt. William Henry Harrison Hall, the chairman of the committee of arrangements for this centennial celebration. His father, Edward Hall, was a grandson of one of the first settlers of Quincy, Mass., and was a captain in the Revolutionary war.

Edward Hall left the old homestead and came to Randolph, Vt., sometime before the war of 1812, in which he fought, so it will be seen our friend belongs to a fighting family. His father came to Chelsea in 1824 and entered into business as dealer in hats and furs. He died during a temporary residence in Braintree, in 1860. The son, who has done so much to benefit this village and the town, and who has an honorable war record, deserves the thanks of every citizen of the town, native and adopted alike. His works are his highest praise. I have a slight remembrance of his father, who, with Mr. Shepard, carried on the hat and fur business. Mr. Shepard built, I think, the brick house now standing on the south side of the North Common. I remember him as a zealous worker for the cause of religion and temperance, and an active member of the Methodist church.

I have thus far given but imperfect sketches of some of the more important historical and biographical features of the town's history. Many things and many names may have been omitted that deserve a place in these sketches. I have found it very difficult to obtain information about some families whom I know to have been prominent in the community, and who, I regret to say, have not found a sufficiently conspicuous mention here.

But what has Chelsea done in addition to what has been mentioned? The soldiers furnished to the Union army during the late civil war, and the sons sent to colleges for a higher education have been counted, and their number stands as a most honorable record and testimony of the town's enlightened patriotism. In addition to all this Chelsea has sent forth some dozen or fifteen ministers of the gospel and has furnished some eighteen or twenty ministers with wives! But the good farmers,

physicians, merchants, mechanics, teachers, lawyers, editors, presidents and professors in colleges, and bankers that the town has sent out over the land, who can number them or estimate their influence?

Has any one any idea of the prolific character of the early settlers of the town? There were sixteen families living in the valley and in the eastern part of Chelsea that could count 186 mature children! The families living west of the valley have not been canvassed. These families, counting parents and children, numbered 218 persons, just 21 less than the whole population of the town as found by the first census taken in 1791.

Referring to the population of the town, I am reminded that you might wish to know how the population of Chelsea has stood at the decennial periods of taking the census by the United States government. At the first census, taken in 1791, Chelsea had a population of 239; in 1800 it had 908; in 1810, 1327; in 1820, 1462; in 1830, 1958; in 1840, 1959; in 1850, 1958; in 1860, 1757; in 1870, 1520; in 1880, 1466. Thus it will be seen that Chelsea gradually increased in population till 1830, and that for twenty subsequent years it barely held its own, varying but one in its population. Since 1850 there has been a gradual decrease in population, the decrease being less in the last decade than in either of the two preceding. From the completion of the Central Vermont railroad in 1848, the decadence began. How to stop this decreasing of population and turn it into an increasing channel is a problem worthy of most serious attention. The building of a railway to South Royalton, or the establishment of a factory worked by steam-power, or both of these combined, would produce wonders in this direction. By increasing the population in this way, a

community of consumers of agricultural productions would be created that would lift the burdens from every farm in the town, and make every farmer rejoice in the prosperity which he would enjoy. May we all live to see the happy day which the enterprises referred to would surely bring.

Life is too short — and the time given me for the preparation of this address too limited. As many months as I have taken weeks were needed to gather the fragments of history pertaining to the sons and daughters of Chelsea, scattered as they are over this broad land, while many are sleeping in their graves. But I have hastily thrown together such fragments as could be obtained, and hope I may be pardoned for any omission that may be noticed, or for any fault of style in presenting them.

It is a pleasant occasion, this gathering, on the 100th anniversary of our native town, and my only regret is the imperfections that must be found in the part I have rashly undertaken to perform. For these I trust you will pardon me. Wishing you all a safe return to your homes, I pray that the memories here called up may gladden your future days and prolong the existence of your lives made happier by this occasion.

SOME OF THE LETTERS RECEIVED.

FROM PRESIDENT MATTHEW H. BUCKHAM.

UNIVERSITY OF VERMONT,
BURLINGTON, Sept. 2, 1884.

HON. L. G. HINCKLEY:

Dear Sir,— I have been promising myself the pleasure of attending your centennial festival, and of renewing my

youth by visiting the scenes and greeting some of the companions of my boyhood days; for I account myself a Chelsea boy. My earliest recollections are of persons who lived and died and of events that took place in Chelsea forty years ago. Like the exiled maiden in Moore's pretty song, who wondered whether the nightingales were still singing and roses blooming "on the calm Bendemeer," I find myself often wondering whether the strawberries are still as thick and as sweet in the Dana pasture as they used to be, and whether the West Hill is as high and steep in fact as in my recollection. I wonder, too, whether any of the boys who went to school with me are going to make good the places of Harry Hale and Jason Steele and Squire Smith and Lement Bacon and the other village worthies who stood in my boyish estimate and still stand in my memory as models of what is noble and venerable in character. Can any village, even in Vermont, boast of a better ancestry, of a nobler lineage than the Chelsea boys can claim? I am sorry that I cannot be with you; but I am glad that you have remembered me, and I send to all who may retain any recollections of our family, our greetings and kind remembrances.

Very sincerely,

MATTHEW H. BUCKHAM.

FROM HON. WILLIAM F. VILAS.

MADISON, WIS., Sept. 1, 1884.

HON. L. G. HINCKLEY, Chelsea, Vt.:

Dear Sir,— I thank you and the people of Chelsea cordially for the kind remembrance of their invitation to participate in the interesting exercises commemorative of

its settlement an hundred years ago, both for my mother and brothers as well as for myself. It would be a great delight to us to revisit the home where so many years were happily passed, and especially should I enjoy the emotions which the light of the place of my birth and early boyhood would kindle. But other engagements and duties press us all, and I am compelled regretfully to write that the happy opportunity cannot be embraced.

With cordial wishes for a successful and inspiring celebration and happy reunion,

I am, very truly yours,

WILLIAM F. VILAS.

FROM JUDGE G. W. NESMITH.

FRANKLIN, N. H., Aug. 16, 1884.

FRIEND HALE:

My Dear Sir,—I was glad to hear from you once more, having for some years lost you. I am now rejoiced to know that you are yet living and engaged in the good purpose of entertaining your old townsmen by giving them a faithful narrative of the many good things your ancestors performed in their day, and the rich enjoyment they derived from the society, the friendly greetings, and the tender sympathies of the early settlers of Chelsea. We turn to the times, when the number was few, and a kind and brotherly feeling pervaded the mass, and when a good neighbor was worth a bag of gold, whether he had it or not. Chelsea had for one of her citizens, Bohonon, Ananiah by name. I never saw him, but I did see his father about sixty-two years ago. He was then between 80 and 90 years of age, and bore the marks of old age. He married the sister of Judge Ebenezer

Webster. I have before me the record of the alarm list of Salisbury in 1776. Ensign, Andrew B., was one of that number, having been discharged from actual service in 1774. In July, 1777, he volunteered for the Bennington expedition, and was appointed one of the lieutenants under Capt. Ebenezer Webster, and was engaged in the battle of Bennington, August 16 of this year, as was also Ananiah Bohonon, who served as a private in the same company. I understand, also, he was a joiner and was employed as a boss workman in the erection of Dartmouth hall at Hanover, N. H. I give his name to you correctly as he was enrolled in Capt. Webster's company. I also knew Stephen Bohonon of Salisbury, another of the brothers of Ananiah. Stephen was a younger brother, but was old enough to be a soldier at Rhode Island, and under Capt. Webster at West Point, in a six months service, when the treachery of Arnold was discovered. Stephen informed us that Capt. Webster had the distinguished honor of being selected to guard Washington's tent the first night after the aforesaid discovery. He told us that Washington invited Webster into his tent, and told him, "I have seen you at the Boston siege, and in the days of the White Plains battle, and if I cannot trust you I cannot trust any one. I now pledge you in a glass of wine. Place your company around my tent this night." Webster obeyed this order. Bohonon said he walked before the tent during the whole night; that Washington did not lie down, but was employed in writing during this time. Bohonon remarked that his company considered themselves highly honored by this night's service. Stephen was not a rich man, but was a very active, athletic man. Jacob Bohonon was another brother of the same family, resided in Washington in

Orange county for a time. What became of him I cannot now state. I need not say more in order to give you all the information you required of me. I have no doubt you will have a good time where I was treated so well when I was tried by Judge Collamer and Esquire Hyde as foreman of an honest, intelligent jury.

Truly yours,

G. W. NESMITH.

P. S.— In explanation of the last sentence, Gov. P. T. Washburn made an assignment for Asa Low of Bradford and B. Murry Sawyer of Piermont. Pickett and myself were assignees.

P. S. No. 2.— Charles Noyes undertook to break up our assignment, but failed.

FROM DR. ABRAHAM T. LOWE.

BOSTON, MASS, August 27, 1884.

MR. THOMAS HALE:

Dear Cousin,— I received your letter in due course of mail, but had some engagement on hand, which has delayed my reply for some days.

I have, as you intimate, pleasant recollections of Chelsea; to get at them, however, I have to look back through the long vista of seventy years — minus two — and the remembrances they call up are of a very pleasant character, yet, I fear, they will prove of little use to you in your present purpose.

I went to Chelsea in the fall of 1816. I had then just finished my medical pupilage with the venerable Dr. Nathan Smith, then of Hanover, though, I believe, all New England claimed him as a son. I returned to Ash-

burnham late in the autumn without a thought of returning to Chelsea, yet I did return within a few days. I had, at that time, two uncles in Chelsea who were highly valued by our immediate family; but they, at this time, were not the cause of my return to that town; but, smile not, the cause lay in horse and hay! It may be that some are yet living in your town who remember that 1816 was the cold summer in the history of our country, even to the present time. But you will say, what has horse and hay to do with going to or returning from Chelsea? I reply: My father, to complete my outfit to commence my profession, had given me a very nice young horse, with which I had followed Dr. Smith the preceding season over the hills and through the valleys of New Hampshire and Vermont, and, upon whose back I returned to Massachusetts. But, alas, for the horse, there was no hay in Ashburnham, or next to none, and that little very poor, at the immodest price of near $40 per ton! Said my father: "Is there hay in Chelsea?" (I had just before been there.) "Yes," I replied, "but they call it awful dear there." "How dear?" "Eight to ten dollars per ton." "Take the price of a couple of tons and shape your course for Vermont, perhaps you may do something there in the course of the winter." Exit here, both horse and hay.

But now a few words of men and manners. I remember many of the people of Chelsea almost as clearly as I do those I met yesterday, and I remember them, both with pleasure and respect; high minded, social, honorable and intelligent, and I must add another adjective, well-informed. I believe I could have gone, in course, from house to house among the yeomanry and taken out a jury of twelve men, whose decision I would willingly

have accepted if my own interests were principally concerned in the matter. This I have often said, and in sincerity. The physicians I well knew,— Winslow and McClure. The former was a well-educated man, was a pupil of Dr. Gallup of Woodstock, and was in all respects an estimable citizen. Dr. McClure was not a thoroughly educated man, but seemed to have had the faculty of adapting himself to the occasion, and was esteemed by many as a good physician. The Chelsea lawyers of that day were able men,— Thomas Jones, a sound, intelligent and well-educated man, but, as some said, lacking in ambition; D. A. A. Buck, young, smart, eloquent and frequently a cogent advocate; Basset, state attorney for Orange county, gentlemanly and highly respected, with others whose names I do not now recall. Jones, who, by some was called lazy, in a case of jail delivery, before Judge Dana, astonished all present by an outburst of emphatic eloquence which I will state. In the early history of Vermont they had a law of attainder, which, until removed, the Legislature forbid the attainted to take an oath. A man who had stolen a pair of spurs,—"value four shillings,"—was convicted of the crime and sentenced to the state prison. The sentence, which was considered as extreme and very severe, was remitted by the state executive, not pardoned by the Legislature. The man having acquired his liberty contracted a debt, for which he was sent to Chelsea jail, and there sought to take the "poor debtor's oath." His attorney was Mr. Jones. The trial was crowded, and it was soon manifest that there was a deep interest in the case. Mr. Buck opposed his admission to the oath because he was attainted, absolutely forbidden by law to take an oath: he had not been restored to the ability of law as the statute demanded:

and, in this, he was both eloquent and cogent. Mr. Jones followed. He rose, obviously prepared and well charged. He spoke at first in a low tone, but rose rapidly into ringing notes, into his climax. "May it please your honor, a pardon issuing from the sovereignty of the State is as unbounded in its power as the rich mercy of God!" Here he rested his case, and Judge Dana allowed the poor debtor his oath.

There are other reminiscences of other men whose names I cannot now recall, but whose characters I remember only to respect; but one, most worthy, comes now to me whose memory I revere, Rev. Calvin Noble, who had many friends, and, so far as I know, never an enemy.

Yours truly,

A. T. Lowe.

CHELSEA'S COLLEGE GRADUATES.

DARTMOUTH COLLEGE.

GRADUATES BORN IN CHELSEA, OR GOING TO COLLEGE FROM THIS TOWN.

1817. Henry Smith, born in Chelsea, February 6, 1791; died at Troy, Ind., August 15, 1860.

1817. John Worthington Smith, born in Chelsea, July 12, 1792; died at Waterloo, Pa., January 18, 1875.

1824. Chauncey Langdon Throop, son of Benjamin Throop, the first lawyer in town, born in Chelsea, April 20, 1800; died at Jerusalem, Va., October 30, 1824. He did not live here when in college.

1844. Amphion Gates, son of Clark Gates, born in Chelsea, February 2, 1818; is now a teacher in Boston.

1845. George Henry Steele, born at Randolph, November 30, 1824; died at Cambridge, Mass., November 15, 1846.

1851. William Cutting Grant, born in Chelsea, October 8, 1826.

1851. Gilbert Edwin Hood, born in Chelsea, November 21, 1824.

1854. Rev. Horace Bliss Woodworth, born in Chelsea, March 1, 1830.

1859. Chase Hall Dickinson, born in Chelsea, December 8, 1837.

1860. Oscar Adrian Hale, born in Troy, Vt., July 21, 1837.

1861. Edward Dana Redington, born in Chelsea, November 12, 1839, but went to college from St. Johnsbury.

1862. Galen Allen, son of Winslow Allen, born in Chelsea, August 2, 1833, but went to college from Acworth, N. H.

1869. William Leonard Worcester, born in Chelsea, but went to college from Thetford.

1874. Rev. William Henry Davis.

1875. Truman Bishop Rice.

1882. Arthur Vincent Goss.

1883. John Herbert Bixby.

1887. Carl Henry Corwin.

DARTMOUTH GRADUATES SOMETIME RESIDING IN CHELSEA.

1786. Rev. Lathrop Thompson, died in Chelsea, July 19, 1843.

1788. Abial Jones, resided in Chelsea some years, to about 1805; was probably a farmer while here; died in Royalton, February 22, 1829.

1799. Thomas Jones, died in Chelsea, September 2, 1860.

1800. Benjamin White, died in Chelsea, April 21, 1815. He was a farmer.

1801. Elisha Hotchkiss, practised law some years in Chelsea; died at Aurora, Ind., June 10, 1858.

1812. Jason Steele, resided in Chelsea from 1828 to 1847; died at Windsor, October 7, 1878.

1817. John Worthington Smith.

1837. Rev. James Clay Houghton.

1839. Abel Merrill.

1841. Asher Bixby, mechanic, died in Chelsea, May 30, 1852.

1847. John Paul, principal Chelsea Academy, 1859–60.

1848. John Phillips Clement, practised medicine here a short time.

1851. Jonathan Ross, read law and began practice here.

1856. Lyman Gillett Hinckley.

1861. David Farnum Cole, was principal of Chelsea Academy and enlisted from Chelsea as captain in the Twelfth Vermont volunteers; died at Point of Rocks, Va., January 7, 1865.

1877. John Moore Comstock.

1879. Rev. David Kilburn, pastor of West Hill M. E. Church, 1880–2.

AMHERST COLLEGE.

Perley Chandler Jones.
1848. Rev. Ira Case, born in Chelsea, August 11, 1820.
James Clay Houghton, Jr.
Joseph Houghton.
Rev. Franklin Samuel Hatch.

MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE.

Rev. Calvin Day Noble.
D. Azro A. Buck.

WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY.

1859. Horace Sumner Tarbell, born in Chelsea, August 19, 1838; did not go to college from Chelsea.

UNIVERSITY OF VERMONT.

Rufus Case.
1840. Henry Hale.
1842. Robert Safford Hale.
1845. John Gardner Hale.
1851. Matthew Henry Buckham.
1851. Matthew Hale.
Thomas Scott Buckham.

CHELSEA'S ROLL OF HONOR.

SOLDIERS ENLISTED FROM CHELSEA FROM 1861 TO 1865.

CR. PREVIOUS TO OCT. 17, '63.

	Co.	Regt.		Co.	Regt.
Allen, Geo. E.	E	2d	Barnes, Sheldon J.	I	10th
Allen, Lorenzo D.	G	3d	Barrett, Henry K.	H	11th
Andruss, John	1st	Bat.	Blakeley, George	E	2d
Atwood, John B.	I	10th	Bliss, John W.	B	4th
Barnes, Asa E.	L	11th	Bliss, Willis R.	G	8th
Barnes, Ira M.	I	10th	Brown, Robert J.	G	9th

	Co.	Regt.
Burgess, Edwin D.	D	4th
Burnham, Luther	I	10ht
Buzzell, Stillman	E	2d
Chamberlin, Chas. L.	D	9th
Clark, Dan	1st	Bat.
Clifford, Israel P.	E	2d
Coburn, S. C.	1st	Bat.
Colburn, William	E	2d
Cutter, Harry M.	1st	Bat.
Davis, M. V. B.	E	2d
Emerson, C. J.	E	2d
Estabook, C. J.	I	10th
Estes, Wm. A.	1st	Bat.
Fox, Hannibal	B	4th
Fox, John N.	D	Cav.
Fuller, John H.	D	2d
Fuller, Joseph O.	1st	Bat.
Gardner, S. E.	1st	S. S. F.
Garvin, John E.	1st	Bat.
Gay, David S.	B	6th
George, Lyndon A.	E	2d
Gould, Albert H.	1st	Bat.
Gould, Cornelius	1st	Bat.
Hebard, S. B.	1st	Bat.
Hebard, Geo. F.	1st	Bat.
Hood, C. C.	E	2d
Hood, Edgarton	E	2d
Hood, Moore F.	E	2d
Hood, Rinaldo	E	2d
House, Samuel E.	1st	Bat.
Huntington, P. R.	E	2d
Hyde, Benjamin F.	G	10th
Keach, John B.	1st	Cav. F
Kinson, C. H.	1st	Bat.
Leavitt, Daniel	B	4th
Lewis, D. W.	G	8th
Lewis, L. R.	G	8th
Lucas, A. W.	B	6th
Martindale, G. W.	L	11th
Minard, Nelson	B	6th
Newton, James	B	4th
Newton, Truman	E	2d
Norris, J. Q.	I	10th
Ordway, George B.	E	2d
Ordway, Henry	B	11th
Paine, Charles	I	10th
Perigo, Luther	I	10th
Pike, John M.	G	8th
Remick, A. W.	E	2d
Rice, E. G.	B	4th
Rice, Lucius	B	4th
Richardson, William	E	2d
Slack, R. P.	G	9th
Sleeper, V. B.	E	2d
Smith, A. M.	I	10th
Smith, F. B.	I	10th
Stowell, Carlos	H	11th
Tiffany, Otis	G	10th
Waterson, J. C.	D	4th
Waymouth, Samuel	1st	Bat.
Wiggins, Edwin D.	G	9th
Wiggins, Edson	E	2d
Wiggins, Elias S.	D	4th

CALL, OCT. 17, '63, FOR 300,000.

	Co.	Regt.
Clark, Alonzo N.	I	10th
Coburn, Monroe E.	I	11th
Columbia, Franklin	I	10th
Courtney, Patrick	I	9th
Hood, Hollis H.	I	10th
Jolivette, Eugene	E	17th
Kennedy, George W.	H	17th
Lathrop, C. D.	E	17th
Lucas, Lafayette	I	10th
McAllister, Steele	K	5th
Moore, Truman J.	E	17th
Maxley, Hawley C.	I	9th
Newton, George R.	I	10th
Ordway, Charles H.	G	8th

	Co.	Regt.		Co.	Regt.
Parker, Samuel	G	10th	Spiller, Alden	I	9th
Paul, John G.	G	4th	Stone, Benjamin F.	I	9th
Peck, M. F.	E	17th	Thatcher, Charles	D	4th
Pierce, Charles E.	G	8th	Whitney, Freeman	Cav.	
Rich, Robert	A	10th	Wilkinson, Melven	H	17th
Roberts, Washington	A	9th	Conant, Estes	G	6th
Rutter, Job M.	K	5th	Parker, W. W.	H	6th
Skinner, Francis A.	H	4th	Reed, George T.	H	6th
Smith, John N.	1st	Bat.			

VOLUNTEERS FOR ONE YEAR.

	Co.	Regt.		Co.	Regt.
Adams, B. H.	2d	Bat.	Fox, Hannibal	2d	Bat.
Adams, W. S.	2d	Bat.	Lucas, S. N.	2d	Bat.
Bannister, F. O.	2d	Bat.	Luce, Jabez	F	9th
Bohonon, S. B.	H	9th	Lyman, Frank	1st S.	S. .F
Bugbee, D. C.	2d	Bat.	Morston, W. B.	D	9th
Carr, D. G.	E	11th	Moulton, Wales	2d	Bat.
Dodge, C. H.	D	9th	Osborn, E. P.	1st S.	S. F.
Flanders, E. B.	2d	Bat.	Osborn, Webster	1st S.	S. F.
Flanders, G. F.	2d	Bat.	Sleeper, John H.	F	7th

VOLUNTEERS RE-ENLISTED.

	Co.	Regt.		Co.	Regt.
Davis, M. V. B.	E	2d	Estabrook, G. A.	I	10th
Lewis, D. W.	G	8th	Fifield, Dana	2d	F.C.
Lewis, S. R.	G	8th	Gilman, Warren	2d	F.C.
Ordway, George B.	E	2d	Goodale, A. M.	B	4th
Skinner, D. F.	H	4th	Gould, A. H.	2d	F.C.
Slack, William	E	8th	Hames, S. G.	3d	Bat.
Coburn, C. J.	2d	F.C.	Lincoln, E. F.	2d	F.C.
Davis, F. E.	B	4th	Waterson, W. H.	2d	F.C.

NINE MONTHS' MEN.

	Co.	Regt.		Co.	Regt.
Adams, B. H.	D	12th	Davis, F. E.	D	12th
Allen, M. C.	"	"	Densmore, Milton	"	"
Bagley, W. J. D.	"	"	Dodge, C. A.	"	"
Banister, F. O.	"	"	Dodge, C. H.	"	"
Barnes, A.	"	"	Evans, George W.	"	"
Cabot, C. F.	"	"	Fifield, L.	"	"
Clark, George	"	"	Foss, A. P.	"	"
Cole, D. F.	"	"	Gilman, Warren	"	"

	Co.	Regt.		Co.	Regt.
Green, W. W.	D	12th	Noyes, F. S.	D	12th
Hood, Amos	"	"	Noyes, H. A.	"	"
Laird, Robert W.	"	"	Pierce, C. A.	"	"
Lewis, Horace W.	"	"	Rolfe, J. G.	"	"
Lincoln, Ed F.	"	"	Slack, F. J.	"	"
Lougee, J. C.	"	"	Stanton, John	"	"

ENROLLED MEN WHO FURNISHED SUBSTITUTES.

Clark, C. W.	Pitkins, Isaiah
Corwin, J. A R.	Russell, W. S.
Davis, Aaron	Sanborn, Hiram
Dodge, Albert	Sanborn, Benson
Hatch, Gilbert M.	Sprague, J. H.
Hemenway, J. F.	Tracy, Oscar.
Lathrop, George W.	

PROCURED SUBSTITUTES.

Bacon, J. D.	Lock, Elliott
Beckwith, Samuel	Moody, F. D.
Burnham, O. L.	Roberts, George B.
Carpenter, S. M.	Sanborn, Edwin
Dearborn, H. W.	Sprague, John K.
Fogg, Harry	Sprague, R. W.
House, Alvin	Wiggins, Albert.

PAID COMMUTATION.

Bixby, George	Walker, Ezra.
Montgomery, Justin	

APPENDIX.

Among the names inadvertently omitted in the address I may mention Deacon Ziba Woodward, the Andrus family,—Robert, Richard and Ziba Huntington Andrus, all living in the southeastern part of the town,—and Harry and Lewis Barnes. Still more names, worthy of mention, will doubtless occur long after the address is printed. The brief reference to these names may serve to revive our memories, and lead to discussion as to the lives represented by them. There were the Stevenses, and the Perkinses,—Peter Laird, that enthusiastic Irish American Whig who marched to Burlington with hosts of other Whigs in 1840,—and Joe Brown, who once kept the jail, and who cracked some terrible practical jokes. But I must stop thinking, or there will never come an end.

HOW A JEWELLER BECAME A PREACHER.

One name more, however, I must mention, that of Phineas Bailey, once a jeweller, but subsequently a Congregational minister. He rented a pew in the gallery of the old meeting house, in which he had a couple of leaves or shelves placed. And in that pew sat his two sons with

paper and pencil taking short-hand notes or copies of Mr. Noble's sermons. These short-hand notes were taken home and written out so that the sermons in their fullness could be produced and preserved for the father's future use. When Mr. Bailey was ready for the gospel ministry, "it is said" that he had some 500 of Rev. Mr. Noble's sermons, which, at least, he could use for his future guidance. I am not informed as to Mr. Bailey's other theological education. He was settled in the northern part of Vermont, over a Congregational parish, and enjoyed the reputation of being a sincere, devoted minister. Sylvester and Keyes were the Christian names of his two industrious sons.

SOME PIONEER STORIES.

The two story tellers named in the address — Thomas Moore and Samuel Lincoln — were respectable citizens, and would not deceive any one for the world. They enjoyed fun, and knew how to create it. I am disposed to give here a sample or two of their stories, illustrative of all. One of Mr. Lincoln's narratives runs thus:

"I was going out one morning to set a bar-post, with a crow-bar on my shoulder. As I neared the spot, I saw a huge black snake running across the road. I threw the crow-bar upon him, but without effect. The snake immediately threw himself upon his head and wound himself down into the solid earth, out of sight. I threw the crow-bar after him, but without penetrating any distance into the hole the snake had made. I then took off my coat, hat and mittens, spat on the palm of my hands, and with tremendous force threw the bar after the *serpent*,

the bar disappearing at once out of sight. This was in November. I saw and heard nothing of snake or bar until the next spring, when I happened to be in Boston. Having a curiosity to go on board a ship, I went down to India wharf, where was lying a ship recently in from the East Indies. I went aboard, and there, to my great surprise, saw a crow-bar lying on deck with my initials ("S. L.") plainly marked on it. I claimed the bar as my property, but the captain of the vessel refused to let me have it, saying that it belonged to the ship. I brought an action of replevin to recover my property. At the trial it was proved that on the very day I threw the bar after the snake, while the vessel was sailing along the East Indian waters, under a cloudless sky, and on an unruffled sea, on the opposite side of the earth, that identical bar came tearing up through the keel of the ship and lodged on deck. I recovered my property and took the bar home with me." There are various ways in which this strange story begins, but tradition has it substantially as I have given it.

One of Thomas Moore's stories is substantially as follows:

"I was going on foot to Winchester, N. H., on a time, and when I had reached a spot on the Connecticut river where I had been accustomed to cross on a ferry boat, I found the boat had been carried away by a freshet or flood. Not being much of a swimmer, I undertook to ford the river. I fearlessly waded in, carrying a gun loaded with powder and ball in my hand. I soon found my head under water, but I kept on wading, the water rushing and roaring, meanwhile, over me; but nothing daunted, I continued to wade until I reached the opposite bank. My legs had become so heavy that it was

with the utmost difficulty that I could pull myself ashore. When I was fairly landed, I took off my clothes and found I had some twenty or thirty pounds of fresh shad in my trousers and clinging to my boots. I climbed up a peeled poplar tree, on which I hung my clothes to dry. Looking around me, I discovered a hay-stack in the field with a fence around it. On the topmost rail of that fence sat a row of quails. I immediately set my wits to work to know how to kill all those quails at one shot, having but one charge of powder and ball with me; that I had preserved dry in my gun by corking it at the muzzle. I finally run my gun under a rock and bent it to a curve, crawled on my hands and knees as near to the stack of hay as I dared, pointed the muzzle of my gun to the nearest quail, and whiz! went the ball, hitting the first quail and sweeping every bird clean off the fence and laying them dead on the ground. But I found the ball coming after me, for I was close up to the fence when I fired. I ran like a white-head round the stack, the ball continuing after me, and seeing it gaining on me I caught up a slab and turned it off. Thus I secured a rich harvest of shad and quails."

Mr. Moore didn't stop to explain how the ball passed out of the curved gun without bursting it, but left his auditors to wonder at the marvel he had told them.

A GRAND CELEBRATION — A HISTORIC CANNON.

I do not know of more than one occasion when the people of Chelsea celebrated the anniversary of the nation's birth on a large and commendable scale, and that was, I think, on the 4th of July, 1824, the year in which

Lafayette revisited this country, by invitation of Congress. The orator of the occasion, I think, was Hon. J. Collins. A few incidents I distinctly remember. The cannon was borrowed from the town of Strafford, but it was not returned. Norwich, Strafford and Hanover, N. H., claimed it, and took it from each other in turn, without permission. It was of a nine or twelve pound calibre, and of French manufacture. It, with several others, was taken from the bed of Connecticut river, near Charlestown, N. H., soon after the close of the old French and Indian war. Chelsea boys claimed that it belonged to them as much as it did to the boys of Strafford. During its firing on that memorable occasion the gun stood in the west part of the North Common, and while I stood in front of father's house, not far from where the jail house now stands, I can distinctly remember how the windows in the meeting house and in all the neighboring dwellings rattled, and myself having the mumps at that time, I had occasion to remember how my cheeks shook and caused sensations of pain. I also remember a ludicrous scene near where I stood during the firing of the cannon. A tall, slab-sided yeoman stood, knawing a huge card of gingerbread, and his son, a raw-looking lad of apparently some 16 years old, stood in front of him, knawing a similar cake. At every discharge of the gun, the right foot of both father and son would pull suddenly up. The father becoming apprehensive that danger might be near, remarked: "My son, stand round behind me, in case that gun should split." The tall, lank boy jumped behind his father, and both continued knawing their cards of gingerbread in apparent safety. At the public dinner table, in the hotel, the toasting was lively and witty. But one gentleman, a Mr.

Morrill, a burly tanner, who worked for Levi Fullam, became a little disgusted at the fulsome eulogies of Lafayette, the toasts referring to him in rather too large proportions. So he arose, and in stentorian voice offered this toast: "Lafayette — may he speedily return home to his own country, and there stay till God calls him to glory!" No one appreciated the patriotic services to this country rendered by Lafayette more than did Mr. Morrill, but he was thinking that the dinner-table enthusiasm was being a little overdone. No one among the assembled guests raised his glass to drink to *that* toast, but received it with profound silence. But the fate of that cannon. Many a time did the boys of Strafford and Norwich try to "split" or burst it, by way of ending the controversy about its ownership, and several times did the boys of Chelsea make a similar effort. At last a plan was thought of that proved sublimely successful. They first enclosed two and a half pounds of powder in the form of a cartridge, so compact and large in size that it took some twenty minutes to ram it to the bottom of the bore, then they rammed down leached ashes for an half hour or more, filling the gun to the muzzle, then applied a slow match to the priming hole, and some thirty or forty boys "of a larger growth" scattered themselves in all directions, when the gun exploded with terrific force, breaking it into fragments, which were thrown far and near, one piece striking the liberty pole and prostrating it to the ground; one piece weighing some thirty pounds was found lying against Judge Dana's carriage house, some thirty rods from where the gun was fired, and one piece weighing two pounds was found about a quarter of a mile down the branch road. The fragments were gathered and lay in a heap on the Common as a sort

of trophy of what was regarded as a smart exploit. But these fragments finally disappeared, suspicion resting on Joe Orne, who dealt largely in old iron, and who had the reputation of not having, at times, sufficient moral force to resist temptation.

NEWSPAPERS IN CHELSEA.

No mention has been made of any newspapers that have been published in Chelsea, either in my address, or in Miss Hemenway's Historical Gazetteer. I tried to find some clue to the history of such newspapers, but I found no one who could give me any satisfactory information, or who had any files or numbers of such papers. It is a fact, however, that Wyman Spooner started a weekly newspaper at Royalton, somewhere about 1830, called the Vermont Advocate. After publishing it there a short time he removed with it to Chelsea, where he published it several years. It was conservative and Whig in its political tone. Mr. Spooner finally gave up its publication and began the study of law here, but soon moved to the West — to Wisconsin, I believe — where he became quite prominent as a lawyer and citizen. He was promoted to the bench of some court and was sent to the Legislature of his State. After the suspension of the Advocate, Mr. William Hewes started, in 1837, the Tuesday News, Whig in politics, which was succeeded by the Orange County Democrat, which was published and edited by a Mr. Smith. It had a very short life. Mr. Hewes, after abandoning his newspaper enterprise, entered the ministry of the Methodist Episcopal church. Another printer entered the Methodist ministry from Chelsea,—

Abraham Folsom, who worked on the Vermont Advocate, and, I believe, edited it awhile after Mr. Spooner left it. Both Hewes and Folsom belonged to the New Hampshire conference, and both possessed respectable talents. Mr. Hewes is still living at Lawrence, Mass., holding a superanuated relation to the conference. Mr. Folsom died in 1872. The building of railroads through Vermont placed Chelsea back from the main lines of travel, and rendered it an inconvenient location for newspapers.

THE GREAT FIRE IN CHELSEA.

Probably the largest and most important fire that ever occurred in Chelsea was on Saturday morning, January 24, 1857. The old Dodge hotel, which stood where the present hotel stands, had been enlarged by the addition of another hotel building, which had been moved from near the southwest corner of the South Common and joined with it. Both structures were three stories high and the two, with barns, sheds and other out-buildings, formed an immense pile of combustible material, such as few country villages could boast of. The court was in session. Judges, lawyers, witnesses and other interested parties were here congregated from all parts of the county, including lawyers from adjoining counties. There were some three hundred guests sleeping in the hotel when the fire was first discovered, about 4 o'clock in the morning. The flames were bursting out through the upper part of the building. The weather was intensely cold, the mercury sinking in Harry Hale's thermometer to 42 degrees below zero, and the snow being between three and four feet on the ground. The fire was sup-

posed to have caught from some defect in the flue of the chimney. A party of lawyers had sat up late the night previous, amusing themselves with games, and the manner in which one of them was "caught napping" may serve to illustrate the general scene. A chambermaid came to his bed-room door and cried out: "Mr. K., the house 's a fire!" The lawyer rolled over on one side and drowsily said: "I told you not to call me to an early breakfast." Immediately the flames came flashing with terrific heat about his head, when he sprang from the bed, seized his pants, as they lay in a chair, and ran down stairs, out into the snow, bare footed, bare legged and bare everything save that part of his body covered by a short under-flannel. He ran through the snow to a dwelling house on the opposite side of the street, where he met the lady of the house, of whom he asked permission to enter and put on his pantaloons! He lost the rest of the wardrobe he had in the hotel and a gold watch that cost some $200. Many lost all their wearing apparel and a large number froze their feet, ears or noses. As the crowd was rushing out into the snow with the crackling flames above and around them, the scene was one not easily described. As Lawyer Ormsbee of Bradford stood by, amazed at his own escape, he exclaimed: "Great God! see the rats and the lawyers run!" The air was as still as it was cold, not a breath of it was stirring, while a column of smoke and cinders ascended into the heavens as far as the eye could reach, presenting a magnificent appearance. The insurance was very small on both buildings and furniture.

On page 78 reference is made to an encounter between Michael Hatch and Gov. Martin Chittenden. Mr. Hatch was drawing a sledload of logs to his house, when the

snow was very deep. Behind him was a man, with a two-horse team. He wished to pass, and demanded of Mr. Hatch that he "turn out." Uncle Mike replied that it was impossible, but told the traveller to wait till he had hauled his logs to the house, a few rods ahead. But the traveller was impatient, and undertook to drive by through the deep snow, but soon found himself stuck fast and unable to proceed further. Here an angry colloquy followed. Hatch called him a fool, told him that he didn't know enough to be out on the road, etc. "Perhaps," says the traveller, "you don't know that I am Governor Chittenden." "No, I didn't," replied Uncle Mike. "Had I known it, I might not have spoken just as I did. But I can't in conscience take anything back!"

ERRATA.

There are some typographical and other errors in the foregoing pages which I hope will be pardoned by the reader. In giving the names of the daughters of the late Stephen Vincent, that of Laura has been inadvertently omitted. She is the wife of Mr. Wheeler of Salem, N. H.

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